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Walther League

FEBRUARY 1945

THE CRESSET

Kyrie for Lent

Festival Days at Trier

Post Mortem

James Whitcomb Riley
by E. J. Gallmeyer

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

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THE CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

VOLUME 8 FEBRUARY 1945 NUMBER 4

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Post Mortem

Lost—an important document: the Atlantic Charter. That's the way it began. The official copy, with its historic signatures, could not be located. And then the truth came out. It had never existed as such . . . just a few scattered notes jotted down and radioed back and forth across the waves at that meeting in the mid-Atlantic. But we were hastily assured that the principles which it embodied would still be upheld.

Lost—the Atlantic Charter. Perhaps it's just as well, for there were some of us who had always thought that the United States—if not the United Nations—had bitten off far more than it could chew when it guaranteed the four freedoms to all the oppressed nations of the earth. And not all these oppressed people live under the iron heel of the enemy.

But this admission was generally conceded to have been a major *faux pas* on an international scale. The let-down was terrific to a great many who had pinned upon it their hopes of enjoying these freedoms for the first time in their lives. Nevertheless, we say again, perhaps it's just as well. Already the people of Italy have discovered that the Atlantic Charter was just words . . . and the people of Greece . . . and the people of Poland . . . of Ethiopia and some of the Baltic States. The people of China and Burma and India were probably suspicious from the very beginning. The way matters have developed, it seems that the only freedom they are to enjoy must conform to the British or Russian pattern. If the United States has offered any "Made in U.S.A." pattern, we haven't heard of it.

The principles embodied in the Atlantic Charter are good. They are eternally true. No formulation of a plan of lasting peace can ignore them. But in the light of subsequent events we could hardly condemn those who questioned its sincerity from the very beginning. If it should prove to be just another example of opportunistic politics, the sooner it is forgotten, the better. If the Atlantic Charter is a case of sincere purpose but mistaken judgment, let it be so stated at once that the contradiction between its aims and recent political interference may be understood. Some of us suspect that the peace is being lost and the stage set for future wars from the manner in which the principles of the Atlantic Charter are being disregarded. We might as well be sure of it.

And so, although few will deny that the Atlantic Charter, as it was published, offered a real solution for world-peace, if it is just another scrap of paper, we say, "Good riddance." And pity the deluded folk who looked to it for their liberty!

Saving the War

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, editor of the powerful *Christian Century,* wants to know whether the war can be saved. He isn't disturbed about the recent reversals of our armed forces. He is convinced that ultimate *physical* victory will be ours. However, he is disturbed about the scrapping of ideals; the removal of the Atlantic Charter to the realm of the unattainable makes him fearful; the stifling of the popular voice in Greece fills him with anxiety; to him the prospect of another partition of Poland is ominous. He wonders what this premature display of power politics will do to the idealism of the American people.

Despite the numerous evidences of materialism, we Americans are, especially in our international relationships, an idealistic people. It was the hope of attaining the realization of a great ideal that enlisted the support of the American people in the last war. Versailles saw American idealism prostituted to power politics. It also marked the beginning of a two-decade wave of disillusionment and cynicism in the United States. It required twenty years and the rise of fascism to give the American people enough moral courage to again enter upon what they considered a great crusade.

In this conflict our allies are not waiting for the cessation of hostilities to begin the display of selfish motives. Already the "salvation" of this war appears doubtful. We wonder whether the

American people will be able to bear two great disappointments within a quarter of a century. Will the sacrifice of ideals for a second time, after an unprecedented expenditure of resources and men, pave the way for a new isolationism?

The Whole Truth

THE more we read, the less, we discover, we really know! Newspaper dispatches lift the lid for a moment upon unsavory messes brewing at home and abroad. But before we can see what's doing at the bottom of the pot, the lid is clamped shut again. And the common citizen is left with the uncomfortable conviction that there is something very wrong in which those in authority are trying to bring order out of the chaos in the world today. And yet, not knowing just what is going on, he is helpless to use his power either at the polls or through communications to his congressman. Over all rests the suspicion that the explosion of public opinion would be catastrophic if all the facts were known.

After last November's election we were given examples of information purposely withheld because it might affect some candidate's chances adversely. That may be politics, but it can also be called a form of treason where our nation's welfare is involved. And then, the Pearl Harbor debacle still remains unexplained, although officially it has been settled. We are offered a few crumbs regarding Britain's interference in Italy, Greece and Ethiopia, but all the facts are never presented, and after a few days' raucous headlines the whole matter is seemingly buried. Thus we might mention Lend-Lease abuses of Britain and Russia and misinformation on France as examples of the pitiful pittance of information that seeps out to the average American.

Now, there may be countries where the ordinary citizen does not need to know what is going on. It would do him little good if he did, for he has no voice in his government. In the United States it's different. Here *we* are the government—and may we never forget it. And it usually happens that when an unhealthy situation is fully exposed to public opinion, it doesn't take long to clean it up. Information, not propaganda, is the mainstay of a democracy. It is the guardian of freedom. This factual darkness in which our country is being held may cost us dearly. We have often heard the cry, "We need the truth, even if it hurts." All right, let's have it. The United States is big enough to admit its mistakes.

Lincoln's Humor

DURING February a busy America will find time to ponder a moment on the contributions made to the American way of life by Abraham Lincoln. School children, particularly, will be reminded of Lincoln, the humanitarian, the war leader, and the statesman; but little emphasis will be laid on Lincoln, the humorist. It is regrettable that this prominent characteristic of Lincoln is not emphasized, for one of the many lacks of this sophisticated generation is a genuine sense of humor. Lincoln had that, and it helped him to bear the blows which life constantly dealt him.

When Mary Todd Lincoln's vanity and pride in her ancestry especially irritated him, the low-born and humble rail-splitter could dismiss his irritation by saying, "While one 'd' was enough for God, the Todds had to have two."

Once, down in Rushville, Illinois, when Lincoln was delivering an address against the extension of slavery in the territories, a smart young sophisticate of that day tauntingly dangled a Negro doll before his face. Lincoln stopped, bent down, and sent the girl scurrying by asking, "Madam, is that your child?"

His was the humor of Petroleum V. Nasby and of Joe Miller's *Joke Book*—humor to which this age refers as "corn"—but it aided another generation in facing the hard and disheartening realities of life.

An Important Document

NOVEMBER 26, 1944, was an important anniversary day. Unfortunately, however, the civilized world, engulfed as it is in the most terrible war of all time, paid little or no heed then to a highly significant event which took place in England 300 years before that date. Why, one wonders, was it not blazoned from all the housetops in every freedom-loving land that one of the greatest documents in the English language on liberty of thought and expression appeared in London on November 26, 1644? Was it mere forgetfulness—forgetfulness easily explainable in days that are filled with thoughts of horrible bloodshed—which caused most of us to overlook the three-hundredth anniversary of the publication of John Milton's *Areopagitica: A Speech of John Milton for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing to the Parliament of England?*

Milton's vigorous denunciation of all measures to throttle freedom of expression was important when it was brought to the attention of his countrymen. It is even

more important today, when totalitarian trends and principles, with their utter annihilation of the right of the individual to enjoy, and to prosper in, genuine liberty, are rampant in many parts of the world.

Some of the out-and-out fascist countries are being defeated by our valiant fighting men; but can we be sure that similar tenets and practices are not gaining a foothold in the hearts and in the minds of many of those who are shaping and guiding the destinies of the United Nations? Censorship in wartime is a thoroughly necessary evil. At times it is even a blessing. But those who hold the reins of censorship are inclined now and then to draw those reins too tight. It is by no means true that every single item of information withheld from the public knowledge is a military secret. No patriotic citizen wants to endanger the safety of his country by ferreting out or peddling news which would give aid and comfort to the enemy; but since the well-being of every man, woman, and child is at stake in this war, we have a right to know much about what is going on in the councils of the high and mighty. Will fascism be rooted out in Germany that it may rise to power in England and in the United States? Will fascism ever be rooted out anywhere unless those who sit in high places fix their attention keenly and steadfastly on the principles enunciated by Milton 300 years ago? Let Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, and other guiding spirits gain wisdom from Milton's words to accomplish their all-important work with signal and lasting success. Let them put an end quickly and decisively to all those secretly brewed tactics which have already brought about anxiety and even bitter disillusionment in some of the liberated countries of Europe.

Let's Throw Our Weight Around

As this is being written the world is looking forward to another meeting of the "Big Three." Each such meeting has heretofore resulted in some strategic military campaign designed to hasten victory. This time the political and diplomatic problems should take precedence. Serious seams have appeared in the cement binding the United Nations together. Even the few revelations that seep through the censorship have shown divergent policies over many situations in which it is imperative that the United Nations be united. We have been far from satisfied with the manner in which the governments of our allies have disregard-

ed the right of self-determination in liberated countries; also with the abuse of American lend-lease; and just as much with the diplomatic bungling of which our enemies have made so much capital in prolonging their desperate resistance.

We believe that the United States, having no colonial ambitions to exploit, no ideological systems—whether monarchical, communistic, or any other—to foster, no industry to shelter from outside competition (believing that our industry and trade can meet competition anywhere, anytime, on its own merits), can use its present political and military influence more unselfishly for the welfare of the world than any other nation. The only question is, "Will we?"

We would like to see our President stand pat before the pressure of every selfish interest. There should be no sitting in the background and turning away the ear while other nations scheme and bargain away that which has been bought with American blood and American dollars. If he will protect the rights of our people and of all others, we feel sure that he can count on the united support of our whole country, earning at the same time the gratitude of many thousands of others who have no one to speak for them. It is time for the United States to throw its weight around a little, to make full use of its right as one of the chief contributors to the war effort also in demanding that all fruits of victory be used in that manner which may best secure a lasting peace. Otherwise history will repeat itself, and we shall win another war, and again lose the peace, even before the war is over. It may be that we have given up too much already, but the loss is not irreparable.

Hutchins on Postwar Education

TIME and again Dr. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, has made public statements that are worth more than passing consideration. In his annual report at the end of last year he predicted that colleges will likely be hard-pressed financially after the war and as a result will be ready to accept veterans, supported by government funds, who are without any particular educational capabilities or interests. This will lead to a further "dilution of an already diluted educational system." Because the majority of the veterans will be interested in vocational training, this policy will add to "the oversupply of technicians, already certain to be great as a result of training in the armed forces." "It will add, too," he said, "to the already large

number of uneducated technicians. Bad education is worse than none, and more bad education is worse than less. . . . Illiteracy is better than literacy if what we read is degrading. Free communication will not help a world of peace if what is communicated is lies, invective, and propaganda. Although it is important that the returning veteran fit into the economic system and be able to support himself, it is far more important that he be able as a citizen to contribute to the solution of the great problems which the country will face in the next generation."

Misguided Religiosity

MISDIRECTED religious zeal is often followed by tragic results. Religious leaders who dispense teachings that lead to such tragedies are as guilty as the poor deluded followers who are the immediate cause. A case in point occurred in Memphis some time ago. The newspapers reported that Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Williams, members of the Church of God, refused to call in a doctor to minister to their sick child. Instead they prayed at the child's bedside. Then the little one died. The autopsy revealed that the cause of death was "emaciation and pneumonia." The sheriff stated, "It was sheer neglect, but because of their religious beliefs no court charge can be placed against them."

Vitamin Craze

ALMOST overnight, the country has become vitamin-conscious. Radio "plugs," newspaper and magazine advertisements, word-of-mouth recommendations by individuals, all testify to the mad scramble that is going on all around us for the "wonderful health-giving vitamin pills." The common man has become his own physician and prescribes vitamins for himself for whatever ails him. A conservative estimate has set the amount which the American people spent for vitamin pills last year at more than $200,000,000.

Prof. John Haldi, of Emory University, some time ago warned against this "veritable nation-wide hysteria" which is based on the false notion that every food must be loaded with vitamins to safeguard health. The learned professor does not deny that vitamins are important, but he insists that a properly balanced diet contains an adequate supply for the normal person.

He points to a dietary experiment at Duke University, conducted by Dr. Julian Ruffin and Dr. David Cayer, recently described in the *American Medical*

Association Journal. A number of volunteer students at the university were placed under observation for a month. They were given the usual American diet. In addition, some received vitamin pills, others were given plain sugar pills. The students, of course, did not know what they were getting. Daily records were kept, and at the end of the period there was "no striking difference in health and well-being of the two groups."

Prof. Haldi says: "If every day you drink a pint of milk, eat one egg, one serving of meat with several slices of whole wheat bread, or enriched bread, two servings of vegetables, green or yellow, one potato, a citrus fruit and another fruit, then you can forget about vitamins and go merrily on your way with the joys of living."

Free Press

We open our doors these snowy mornings and evenings to find, conveniently placed for us, our daily newspaper. We read it, probably disagree with its editorial policy, and criticize its coverage and interpretation of the news. We would take one of the other local dailies, but we are sure that it would be no more authentic, no more timely, no more conservative or liberal.

Americans take their news very much for granted and are always willing to toss anything but orchids at the fourth estate. Even radio programs, speeches, and advertising, such as marked the observance of National Newspaper Week last fall, fail to make us realize just what a free press can mean to a nation, especially one at war.

What would our reactions be were there a blackout of news! How would we feel if we did not know the progress of our armies? (This in spite of the many who will say we do not know as it is.) What if we were completely in the dark concerning the political, economic, and social activities in our nation and in our community.

Few realize the extent of the American newspaper's endeavor to bring us information, which is as true as human limitations will permit, at the exact time the information is available. Press associations and metropolitan dailies maintain complete staffs in all of the news centers of the world. Correspondents are risking their lives shoulder to shoulder with our fighting men on every front and on every sea—this that we may be apprised of the progress of our war machine. Money and blood are being spent to the end that Americans may be the best informed people in the world.

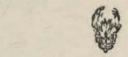
What would France and Poland

and Norway and the Balkan States have given for a free press having the right and privilege and nerve to caricature Hitler? The answer might make some of us ashamed.

Crossing National Walls

WHAT has been the relationship between nationalism and scholarship? Can nationalism and scholarship interact toward better ends? Professor Robert Hemdon Fife, president of the Modern Language Association of America, considered these questions in his address at the organization's annual convention. Professor Fife pointed out that since the Renaissance, writers and historians in one Western country after another have aroused in the people consciousness of nationhood. They have raised as goals idealized national types, but they have also resorted to romanticized versions of history and to derogation of other nations.

Such false teachings, with their disastrous results, will fail, Professor Fife declared, if there is wider reading among each people of the literature of other countries; and the extensive study of foreign languages—of even remote languages—that this war has necessitated among the armed forces and encouraged among civilians should lead us toward this wider understanding. In their special fields scholars have long been aware of the fact that the interests and, consequently, the techniques of scholarship vary from nation to nation. These traditions may be made to supplement each other and so bring about more complete results. And Professor Fife quoted from an old Norse saga lines looking forward to the peace that should follow a period of catastrophic war, "Then will the fields, unmown, unsown, bear ripened fruit."



The Veteran and the American Legion

THE American Legion again received notoriety when a Hood, Oregon, American Legion post erased from the town's honor roll the names of sixteen Japanese-American servicemen. If this were an isolated example of the sometimes un-American and reactionary attitude of the American Legion, it could be easily overlooked. However, the Legion has repeatedly displayed an unhealthy, selfish, and chauvinistic type of patriotism.

It is regrettable, therefore, that so many young veterans of the current war are being inveigled into membership in the American Legion. If the veterans of this war

must organize—and may no group be deprived of that right—let them set up a new veterans' organization which will not be trammeled by the book-burning and witch-hunting past of the American Legion. Let them set up an organization which will unselfishly foster the ideals for which their comrades died. Or let the Legion of tomorrow mend its ways and become representative of truly American ideals.

Music as a Healing Power

IT is with some trepidation that we enter upon the field of our able associate who regularly conducts the music section of this magazine. However, we do not recall that he has touched upon an angle of the power of music that merits consideration, and so we venture to do so. It may be that this item may serve as a prod to him, and that we shall hear more on the subject from his facile pen.

At any rate, what we have reference to is the question: Has music healing power in nervous and mental cases? We learn that the National Music Council has conducted a survey to determine the results, if any, of experiments in this field. Two hundred and nine hospitals, with a bed capacity of from 33 to 8,000 beds, answered the Council's questionnaire. Of these only 192 used music. In 160 there are performances by visiting artists, gifted patients, church choirs, bands, and glee clubs. 152 institutions use recorded music.

The results are given by the *New York Times* in this summary:

> That patients like music, there can be no doubt. But is it a healing aid? Only twenty-three hospitals reported that they used music for therapeutic reasons and 134 used it for both recreation and therapy. Most directors of hospitals find that "recreation is therapy." Active participation in the making of music is generally considered more effective than mere listening. Group performance develops a spirit of co-operation and fellowship and helps patients to overcome their inhibitions.
>
> The psychiatric staff of one hospital finds that the blare and dissonance of jazz "is a disturbing influence to all types of patients." Band music, spirituals, American folk songs are soothing. But music is not a specific for mental disorders. There is even the danger that the wrong music may be used by patients to express and reinforce delusional ideas.

Literary Notes Along the Way

WE have been accused of boosting Trollope at the expense of other more or less forgotten writers. Well, how about

Henry James? With the exception of *Turn of the Screw,* what else by Henry James have you read? Book publishers this season are giving everyone an opportunity to delve into the Jamesian complexities. Four books, and more in the offing, by and about Henry James, are on the lists. All of them are worth buying and reading. Incidentally, the best discussion on the technique of the novel is the collection of Henry James' prefaces to his novels put out by Scribners several years ago. We still use it. . .

Publishers are concentrating quite a bit on books to look at this past year or so. Allan R. Crite's *Were You There When They Crucified My Lord* is one of the most interesting pictorial narratives we have seen in a long time. You might page through this book during your Lenten devotions. . . . There is much that is good in Mary Ellen Chase's *The Bible and the Common Reader,* but there is also much that is just plain bunk. Sigrid Undset did a neat job of dissection on the study in a recent issue of the *New York Times Book Review.* It's not just writers in theological journals who get irritated over a non-Christian approach to the Word.

Some books we read and liked: *When Johnny Comes Marching Home,* by Dixon Wecter; *Caesar and Christ,* by Will Durant; *Music for the Man Who Enjoys Hamlet,* by B. H. Haggin; *The Shape of Books to Come,* by J. Donald Adams; *Still Time to Die,* by Jack Belden.

Remember how at some time or other you had to memorize something written by J. Milton? Frankly, we could never quite cotton to the man. His sonnets are still magnificent poetry, and nowhere in the English language, outside of the King James Version, has the thunder of *Paradise Lost* been matched. Mr. Milton was also a mighty defender of the rights of freedom of expression. Now Robert Graves comes along with his *Wife to Mr. Milton,* a marvelous recreation of a period in English history and a devastating treatment of the great poet. The novel is irritating but it is refreshing. We remember the time, in our salad days, when we wrote a cocksure diatribe against Mr. Longfellow. For that we were called every name under the sun, but we knew we were right. Now Mr. Graves will be called the same, but we feel that he is also right. . . .

An autobiography which is quietly acquiring an ever larger number of readers is John Buchan's *Pilgrim's Way.* Discerning readers in all parts of the world have discovered a charm and sincerity in this book which is refreshing in the present era of V-bombs and five-star generals.

The PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Kyrie for Lent

Lord, have mercy . . . Upon the world . . . This holy season look down with pity upon all the children of men . . . Upon all who are lonely and blind to God . . . Upon all who prefer evil to good . . . Upon all in high places who forget that height and depth, in this world and the world to come, belong to Thee . . . Upon the sick of mind and heart . . . Upon all who with Thee and those without Thee, upon those who pray and those who do not . . . Upon those who have fallen and those who are penitent . . .

I TRY to remember the years between the Cross and the world so that I may forget them . . . Nineteen centuries of birth and death, of pomp and circumstance, of crashing empires and falling sparrows, have not given men a new way to see the Cross and its meaning for those who pass by . . . The Roman governor still walks the streets of the world, touched but not persuaded, glimpsing heaven and choosing hell, the twentieth-century man—proud, careful, cynical, afraid in his bravery of the greatest courage in life, the courage of faith . . . All the others are here, too—the mob blind to everything but blood—the blind leaders of the blind who fear that the power of heaven will take away their power on earth—the unseeing who make a holiday of hate out of the suffering of God . . . For six hours —for nineteen hundred years—it goes on, the traffic along the road beside the Cross, where men and women pass and linger and look, or hurry by; and every man's life is changed by the look he gives the stricken figure upon it . . . This is all he can know, or needs to know, here and hereafter . . . Whatever else may grow dim, or be broken and lost, the darkness of the Cross lights up his way homeless and alone without it, a shining light across the dark . . . The mystery of mysteries . . . A

limp, torn body hangs upon a Cross, but in it, above it, beyond it, is the Light that never was on land or sea . . .

All great events of history have been misunderstood . . . The Cross is no exception . . . Why has this pouring of the world's sorrow on one Head held men these many years? . . . Is it because suffering is a language that all men can understand? . . . Is it the terrible fascination of the triumph of evil? . . . Is it a momentary glimpse into the hidden heroism of the soul of man which, embodied in its best and fairest, can reach heights of unselfishness unconquered by those whose only destiny is the dust? . . . Men have said these things and have lost the fulness of the Cross in its splinters . . . There is no need to explain the Cross . . . God has explained it . . . Over and over again so that no one might misunderstand, but perhaps most clearly and finally in the twenty-five words which we know as John 3: 16 . . . The Cross is eternally silent unless it speaks, now and for all time, of the reality of sin, the sureness of judgment, and the conquering love which forgives sin and removes judgment by the atoning death of Him who became the everlasting chalice for all the tenderness of God and all the broken hopes of men . . . This men must mean when they say, "I believe in Jesus Christ," or they may as well say, "I believe in Stephen" or "in Joan of Arc." . . .

Six hours and nineteen hundred years . . . I hear again the loud voices saying that His day is done . . . So men heard them during those six hours, and in every generation since . . . But reiteration has never made a thing true . . . A cross still towers above the thrones that men build for their idols, and a crown of thorns is still greater than all the crowns of gold the world has known and will know . . .

Lord, have mercy . . . Upon us . . . Who forget the white figure with the red wounds . . . Who once saw God live with man and die for man . . . Who now must see again that at last, in all the centuries, the holiness and justice, the purity and truth, the majesty and might of God have been satisfied by a Man on a Cross . . . That never again, not even in this hour of the world's loneliness, need there be separation between God and man . . . Upon us . . . Our little world and our great sins . .

Men at War*

As this is written American armies are battering away at the bulge created by the German advance during December and

*A Review of "Brave Men" by Ernie Pyle. Henry Holt & Co., 1944. $3.00.

January . . . It happens that an unusually large number of our former students and friends, even several sons of members of our faculty, are in those armies . . . Suddenly the war, at times somewhat unreal and far away, becomes terribly intimate and personal . . . The dispatches from the front are read like letters . . . I turn to the casualty lists with a sinking feeling which gives way to a joy when no familiar names appear—a joy immediately destroyed by the sharp remembrance that somewhere in America one of those names, printed so small and so cold, means a sorrow too deep to be told, the end of waiting and the beginning of memories, an immeasurably great sacrifice to the greed and hate of evil men . . .

In hours like these we must again measure the cost of war . . . Not in dollars and pounds and francs and lire and yen but in blood . . . Not in machines but in men . . . If we are ever to have a sane, realistic approach to the problems of the postwar world, we must begin with the vivid, stabbing memory of the terrors of war for John and Henry and Wally and Hans and all the boys, living and dead, and half-dead, who have slid through mud and dust, who froze in Europe and sweltered in the South Pacific, who have borne all the dirt and pain and fear that is war . . . As John Steinbeck has said:

> There are really two wars and they haven't much to do with each other. There is the war of maps and logistics, of campaigns, of ballistics, armies, divisions and regiments—and that is General Marshall's war.
>
> Then there is the war of homesick, weary, funny, violent, common men who wash their socks in their helmets, complain about the food, whistle at Arab girls, or any girls for that matter, and lug themselves through as dirty a business as the world has ever seen and do it with humor and dignity and courage.

This has always been The CRESSET's view of war . . . To see it in human terms . . . To realize its staggering cost . . . To welcome any reasonable plan which, under God, will permit the world to live in peace for generations to come . . . As servants of the Church we know that war strikes wounds also in the Body of Christ which will require years to heal . . . It destroys love and kills hope . . . Win or lose, it is stark, blind, mad tragedy for all men . . .

But particularly for those who must do the actual fighting . . . This has been brought home to America by Ernie Pyle's popular book, *Brave Men* . . . A collection of dispatches from the war in the West, it is far and away the best description of what John and Henry and Paul think and say

and do as they go about the business of killing and being killed . . . It is a rough book, full of the careless profanity which seems to be a by-product of the stress and strain of day-by-day living with hate and death . . . But it is also a strong book, full of the heroism and courage and unselfishness which ordinary men so often show under extraordinary circumstances . . . This is the real war and Americans everywhere would profit by seeing it as it is . . . It should be read with pride, sorrow, and anger . . . Pride in the men who so frequently lift themselves out of the depths into heights of cleanness and courage . . . Sorrow over the wounded, the maimed, the dying . . . Anger over the folly of men which hurls these boys into foxholes in the far corners of the earth . . .

A few samples of Ernie Pyle's war . . .

Every day at the front produces its quota of freak wounds and hairbreadth escapes. Almost any wounded man has missed death by a matter of inches. Sometimes a bullet can go clear through a man and not hurt him much, while at other times an infinitesimal fragment of a shell can pick out one tiny vital spot and kill him. Bullets and fragments do crazy things. Our surgeons picked out more than two hundred pieces of shrapnel from one man. There was hardly a square inch of him, from head to toe, that wasn't touched. Yet none of them made a vital hit, and the soldier lived.

I remember one soldier who had a hole in the front of his leg just below the hip. It was about the size of a half dollar. It didn't look bad at all, yet beneath that little wound the leg bone was shattered and arteries were severed, and the surgeons were working hard to get the arteries closed so he wouldn't bleed to death.

Another had caught a small shell fragment in the wrist. It had entered at a shallow angle and gone clear up the arm to the elbow, and remained buried there. The skin wasn't even broken at the elbow, but right over the spot where the fragment stopped was a blister as big as a pigeon's egg. The blister had been raised by the terrific heat of that tiny piece of metal.

That's one thing most people don't realize—that fragments from bursting shells are white-hot.

The powder charges for our guns came in white sacks about the size of two-pound sugar sacks. Three of them tied together make one charge, and that was the way they arrived in their cases. The type and number of each charge was printed on the bag.

One day the sergeant calling out instructions asked for a charge of a certain size. When the powderman brought it, it was only half as big as it should have been.

The whole crew gathered around and studied it. They read the printing, and there it was in black and white just as it should be, and yet it was obviously a short charge. So the boys just threw it aside and got another, and that started a long run of

conversation and wisecracks along this line: "Some defense worker who had to work on Sunday made that one," they'd say. "He was just too tired to fill it up, the poor fellow."

"If we'd shot that little one the shell would have landed on the battery just ahead."

"Guess somebody had worked eight hours already that day and made twenty or thirty dollars and had to work overtime at time and a half and was just worn out."

"Or somebody who had to drive all of three or four miles after work to a cocktail bar and he was in too big a hurry to finish this one. It sure is tough on the poor defense workers."

A soldier who has been a long time in the line does have a "look" in his eyes that anyone who knows about it can discern. It's a look of dullness, eyes that look without seeing, eyes that see without conveying any image to the mind. It's a look that is the display room for what lies behind it—exhaustion, lack of sleep, tension for too long, weariness that is too great, fear beyond fear, misery to the point of numbness, a look of surpassing indifference to anything anybody can do. It's a look I dread to see on men.

And yet to me it's one of the perpetual astonishments of a war life that human beings recover as quickly as they do. For example, a unit may be pretty well exhausted, but if they are lucky enough to be blessed with some sunshine and warmth, they'll begin to be normal after two days out of the line. The human spirit is just like a cork.

When companies were pulled out for a rest, they spent the first day getting dug into their new position, for safety against occasional shellings or bombings. Usually they slept little during their time in the line, so on their first night out they were asleep early—and how they slept!

Always there are dogs in every invasion. There was a dog still on the beach, still pitifully looking for his masters.

He stayed at the water's edge, near a boat that lay twisted and half sunk at the waterline. He barked appealingly to every soldier who approached, trotted eagerly along with him for a few feet, and then, sensing himself unwanted in all the haste, he would run back to wait in vain for his own people at his own empty boat.

Over and around this long thin line of personal anguish, fresh men were rushing vast supplies to keep our armies pushing on into France. Other squads of men picked amidst the wreckage to salvage ammunition and equipment that was still usable.

Men worked and slept on the beach for days before the last D-day victim was taken away for burial.

I stepped over the form of one youngster whom I thought dead. But when I looked down I saw he was only sleeping. He was very young, and very tired. He lay on one elbow, his hand suspended in the air about six inches from the ground. And in the palm of his hand he held a large, smooth rock.

I stood and looked at him a long time. He seemed in his sleep to hold

that rock lovingly, as though it were his last link with a vanishing world. I have no idea at all why he went to sleep with the rock in his hand, or what kept him from dropping it once he was asleep. It was just one of those little things without explanation that a person remembers for a long time.

This is the real war . . . Thoughtful men and women who will read Ernie Pyle's book will hate war as much as they will love the men who are fighting it . . . And they will resolve that it shall not happen again! . . .

What Is Truth?

I asked them, "What is Truth?"
One of them said it was intangible, like a forgotten melody, or an icy spray dying on a steel prow.

I asked them, "What is Truth?"
One of them said, "Beauty is Truth, Truth beauty," and he found it in a white hand gleaming in the darkness; in the arch of seagull wings broken from the bending waves; or in a square of light falling from a house and lying flat and yellow on the snow.

I asked them, "What is Truth?"
One of them found it in his head, in numbers divided and added; in the machinations of the heavens, in a planet turning like a pendant on a golden chain, in the precision of the stars circling off infinitely.

I asked them, "What is Truth?"
And one of them said he knew not what it was, but that he had found it, found it in a black cross on a hill grown with weeds, and dust, and treading.

—Roberta E. Ihde

A tribute to the "Hoosier Poet" ....

James Whitcomb Riley

By E. J. GALLMEYER

"Do you know Whitcomb Riley?" "Whit Riley? Oh, yes. I know him and his folks well. People 'round these parts don't think much of him. He's sort of flighty and no good."

From this early and neighborly appraisement of James Whitcomb Riley to the day when all of the schools in the United States celebrated his birthday, when President Woodrow Wilson and important people in foreign lands sent their congratulations and well-wishes, culminating in the most important banquet ever held in Hoosierland at the Claypool Hotel in Indianapolis (in the room which to this day is called the Riley Room)—this man ran the entire gamut of human emotions and plumbed the depths of the souls of those people whom Abraham Lincoln said God must have loved because He made so many of them.

James Whitcomb Riley was a natural muse. He sang the songs of his people while assaying their feelings, their ambitions, and their destiny. Many people link the Riley spirit with the Lincoln spirit. They feel the two men had much in common in their motives, in their background, in their impelling and compelling spiritual influence. Both were deeply religious without being formal religionists or having connection with any church. Riley said that he filled his own pulpit. His work indicates that love and kindness and consideration and humility and charity and compassion—the exemplification, if you please, of the Beatitudes—are reflected in most of his preachments.

Who, wrote Elbert Hubbard, taught Abraham Lincoln and James Whitcomb Riley how to throw the lariat of their imaginations over us, rope us hand and foot, and put their brand upon us?

Riley's poems are required study at Yale University and at many other schools, although he himself had not a wide or extensive

formal education. Given a Master of Arts degree by Yale, made a Doctor of Literature by Pennsylvania University, he received further degrees from Indiana and a number of other schools. He had a higher academic rating than almost any other bard of history. Certainly he was honored to a far greater degree by Indiana than was Emerson by Massachusetts. His work received the acclaim of Rudyard Kipling, of Mark Twain, of William Dean Howells, of Henry Waterson, of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, of Walt Whitman, and many others too numerous to mention.

The complete naturalness of James Whitcomb Riley sets him apart among poets, rivaled only by Bobby Burns for his work in the vernacular. He is acclaimed the greater in this branch, although he felt that the so-called pure English of his work should be rated higher. Yet when he wrote a poem in honor of the celebration for Vice President Thomas A. Hendricks, the *Atlanta Constitution* referred to it as merely sound and fury signifying nothing.

The Greenfield Period

RILEY'S life can be divided into two periods. First, his boyhood and early manhood. This is the Greenfield period on the main street and main highway from the east to the west, historic in its day —and today as well—known as the National Road and now U. S. No. 40. Here Riley was born on October 7, 1849. He was named in honor of Governor James Whitcomb of Indiana, whom his father admired greatly. All of us have known some little town like Greenfield. Little more than a wide spot in the road, with a grove of spreading trees and a brook hard by with a mill wheel turning, and a covered bridge where the "tromp, tromp" of the horses' hoofs resound through the countryside like the beating upon a giant drum. Here is where we find Riley in memory recalling this scene in his poem, "The Old Swimmin' Hole":

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! whare the crick so still and deep
Looked like a baby-river that was laying half asleep,
And the gurgle of the worter round the drift jest below
Sounded like the laugh of something we onc't ust to know
Before we could remember anything but the eyes
Of the angels lookin' out as we left Paradise;
But the merry days of youth is beyond our controle,
And it's hard to part ferever with the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! When I last saw the place,
The scenes was all changed, like the change in my face;

The bridge of the railroad now crosses the spot
Whare the old divin'-log lays sunk and fergot.
And I stray down the banks whare the trees ust to be—
But never again will theyr shade shelter me!
And I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul,
And dive off in my grave like the old swimmin'-hole.

He recalled his own boyhood, too, in the stanzas of "Out to Old Aunt Mary's":

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too.
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back so clear today!
Though I am as bald as you are gray,
Out by the barn-lot and down the lane
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

For, O my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you—she waits today
To welcome us: Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come" . . . And all is well
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

There was no Aunt Mary, albeit there are a number of women who have claimed to have been the Aunt Mary of Riley's poem.

One of the things that cause people to love Riley's poems is the fact that everyone can visualize himself in the situations about which he writes. Everyone, forsooth, had an Aunt Mary and a swimmin' hole!

Captain Reuben A. Riley wanted his boy to become a lawyer. The environment was provided, as well as every possible moral suasion, to attract James Whitcomb to a career at the bar. But the result in his case was similar to that of other poets—Schiller, Longfellow, and Lowell, for example. "Nature," said Riley, "did not design me for the bar or the pulpit or the dissecting room."

He did have one case, however. Strangely enough, he was counsel for the defendant—the defendant being himself. He threw a rude fellow from a wagon. It was a sweet morsel for the Town Marshal, who brought Riley to book

before the Mayor for assault and battery. Yes, he had a lawyer, but Riley himself addressed the jury, and, if you please, in the court language of old England. It was more of a show than a trial and, in an uproar of laughter, the Mayor dismissed the case and Riley's court days were over. Anyhow, Riley claimed that laws were made to trap the innocent. Riley entered his father's office in the spring and lasted until September, a mere six months.

As a young man, Riley literally longed to have no settled place of abode and wandered from place to place, sleeping at night in barns or by the roadside. Nature intended him to be a vagabond. Like Washington Irving, he thought that he could turn stroller and pick up a living along the highways.

And then down the National Road came a medicine show called the Wizard Oil Company. The company gave him an enthusiastic welcome. Just what his place was in this minstrelsy I do not know, but it is reasonable to assume that he played many parts, and played them well, from the renditions of his poetry to sign-painting. When he parted company with the medicine show, the owner, C. M. Townsend, gave him a recommendation, but, mind you, not for his artistry as either an actor or a poet, but as "the most efficient advertiser I have ever had in my employ." In other words, as a sign painter.

Riley's dream of being an actor faded, but there remained the hope of success on the platform. He was his own master in the interpretation of his poems. Failures? Yes. And more failures. Then success—and then triumph. No less an authority than Sir Henry Irving, however, remarked, "The American stage lost a great actor when Riley refused to take the profession seriously as his life's work."

His initial efforts as a poet "just happened," more or less. He started as "Mr. Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone" and he captured the interest of the editor of the *Indianapolis Journal.* He soon was a regular contributor and had perhaps the first syndicated newspaper column in the world. He wrote for the *Kokomo Tribune,* the *Indianapolis Saturday Herald,* the *Kokomo Dispatch,* the *Newcastle Mercury,* the *Locomotive Fireman's Magazine,* the *Peoria Call,* and the *Indianapolis Journal.* This latter paper received a weekly budget. Less frequently poems found their way to the *Indianapolis News* and to the *Cincinnati Commercial.* On the advice of his intimate friend, Bill Nye, he tested the newspapers, for Bill Nye said the way to ascertain is to find out.

So he began going like an emery

wheel, scintillating for these newspapers—not the same article for all, as is the vogue today, but a different one for each. So prodigious were his offerings during a period that his friends worried about his health. In fact, his health broke down, and he had to give up burning some of the midnight oil. He himself said that the clock meant nothing to him and that he did his best work at night after the din and hustle of the day were over and all was quiet. He wanted to wade out into the darkness and knead it in his hands like dough. Poetry came from Riley as water from a spring, and soon he had a fixed place, although not a very lucrative one.

Lyceum Days

He started presenting his poems on the lecture platform. The initial efforts were pathetic indeed. His disappointments and his failures were numerous but they were never artistic failures. In Anderson, Indiana, a tremendous advertising to-do was made about his ability. Yet only thirty people paid admission, the huge sum of $8.00 in all, to get into the hall. The building rental was $10 and the expenses were something like $3 or $4 more, and Riley had to thumb his way to the next town. Anderson paid a handsome tribute to him in 1915, in recognition of the fact that there he had made the beginning of his lyceum career.

When application was made for his services at Kokomo, he wrote the committee, "I will come for $5.00." When the net results of that meeting totaled $70.00, he remarked he had cracked the powers of invention.

Now better audiences were had, more favorable criticisms were accorded his work, invitations multiplied, and with the invitations came bread and new clothes. And, talking about clothes, one of his editors once bought him a new suit because he said he looked so bedraggled and threadbare that he was ashamed to let it be known that Riley wrote for his paper. So well was his work received that at least one of his poems, "My Henry," was quoted from Maine to the Golden Gate. It is said that the *Kokomo Tribune* owed its reputation to Riley's literary offerings.

The criticisms, of which there were a multitude, as you can imagine, all pay tribute to his unusual artistry. There were people who didn't like his writings. There were those who criticized them as crude and as hackneyed and as unfair to the dignity of the State of Indiana, but none failed to pay tribute to Mr. Riley as an artist and as an interpreter of the situation reflected in the verse that he produced. And many of his early

critics became his fast friends and admirers in after years.

No presentation of Riley's life would be complete without mentioning the case of the poem "Leonainie." Conceived as a hoax to prove his prowess to the critics of the world, he wrote a poem in imitation of the style of Edgar Allen Poe. He intended to allow the situation to jell until the poem had been accepted as authentic Poe; then to have the laugh on the critics while establishing Riley as the true artist he was.

Unfortunately, the double dealing was exposed prematurely and caused Riley no end of grief. Editors all over the land, incensed that they had been taken in, were doubly harsh in their denunciation. The fact is that Riley had become famous in his own right long before some of the so-called quality magazines deigned to quote him. Riley was so grief-stricken that he stole down alleys, hid himself away from his friends, believing that they would have no more of him. As time heals all wounds and eating was a habit which could not be broken, he was soon again in circulation. With friendships restored, his blithe heart soon mended and he went on to sing a new type of song. Deeper, more meaningful; for now, too, he had known grief and humiliation which tempered his seemingly irrepressible spirit.

Luckless Swain

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY was a bachelor. The tragedy of his life was that he loved children but had none of his own. His love of little children has been marked in the Riley Memorial Hospital in Indianapolis, where poliomyelitis victims and crippled children of all classes and stations in life are cared for. He had that completely simple approach to all of the things that were insignificant as well as important that might characterize an interested, inquisitive, and altogether happy child. On the stage he could expertly represent a child. His voice, the laughing of his eyes, the movements of his hands—were all that of the little child he was at the moment portraying.

While Riley never married, he never stopped looking. Some of his girlhood sweethearts were mentioned in his poems. Then there was a certain young woman, Miss Louise Bottsford, from Greenfield, a poet of sorts—but soon Miss Bottsford turned to another. Later he bestowed his affection on a woman from Newcastle. This was a warm case of love, but it, too, was one-sided, for she loved his partner, McClanahan. To be sure, Riley knew it, but his feeling was nevertheless so strong that she called forth such a masterpiece as "Fame" and other important poems.

His last real "crush" was with Ella Wheeler—later Ella Wheeler Wilcox. He wanted her to be the Elizabeth Barrett to his Browning—but she was not interested, either in his Browning or in Riley. She wanted to be Mrs. Wilcox. Always women of the muse seemed to attract him. Yet, seemingly more in love with being in love than with the lady, Riley did not press the suit. His constant search and longing for his real mate are revealed in the following stanza:

And, oh, my heart—lie down! Keep still!
If ever we meet, as I pray we will;
All ideal things will become fixed facts—
The stars won't wane and the moon won't wax;
And my soul will sing in a ceaseless glee
When I find the woman that rhymes with me.

The Complete Poet

THE second period—the age of his maturity—is that period after forty when he was the complete poet, receiving the acclaim of universities and of men of letters everywhere, when he was at the height of his lyceum career, when he traveled to all of the important cities in the United States. In Boston he was presented by no less a person than Julia Ward Howe, and the mutual compliments which were exchanged there stand out as classical repartee and beautiful mutual encomiums.

Tired of the Bohemian life, no longer preferring the stroller's lot with hotels and boarding houses, he made a pass at his old friend, Major Charles L. Holstein, whose guest he had been many times on Lockerbie Street: "I am never coming back except on one condition." "What is that condition?" asked the Major. "That I come back as a boarder." The condition was promptly met. Riley was installed at 528 Lockerbie Street and there began the greatest front-door campaign in America. Here, in this gracious retreat, the poet received his friends and delegations of admirers, as Irving received them at Sunnyside.

He loved Lockerbie Street. It had a place, too, in his romantic contemplations. Long before he moved there, he chanced to see a young lady whiz past in a clay-colored gig and alight in front of an old fashioned brick house on Lockerbie Street. Ah, thought he, *she* is the girl. So the next morning the *Indianapolis Journal,* on which he was employed, carried a romantic poem about Lockerbie Street:

There is such a relief, from the clangor and din
Of the heart of the town, to go loitering in

Through the dim, narrow walks, with the sheltering shade
Of the trees waving over the long promenade,
And littering lightly the ways of our feet
With the gold of the sunshine of Lockerbie Street.

His desk fairly overflowed with flowers from people on Lockerbie Street. Yes, he saw again the lady on Lockerbie Street—but again to no avail. The people on Lockerbie, a street only one block long, claimed him as their own. He wrote many poems about it and ever after hurried back to Lockerbie Street with expectations of comfort and joy when away but a short while. The street didn't even belong in the city; it just nestled on the commons near the town. It was just the setting for Riley, and he reveled in its comforts.

The dissolution of the partnership with Bill Nye marked the end of the confusion in his business affairs. To his brother-in-law, Henry Eitel, goes this credit, for he henceforth had control of the poet's financial investments. The year 1890 marked the beginning of the new era. It also began the period of his lesser productions. Thomas Bailey Aldrich contended that to the goddess poverty is the most alluring condition; that she delights in the wretchedness of mean attics; that when prosperity comes, she bids the bard farewell. This was substantially true in Riley's case. Had it not been for the prodigious productions of the past and the splendid business acumen of his brother-in-law, the later comfortable years for Riley, his fine acclaim, and national reputation might not have been.

He was already past his zenith when this happened. Riley had reached the peak of the production upon which his fame rested when he was 36 years old. His best poetry was that of his early years. It was that vernacular singing that was in complete possession of his soul, the outpouring of those natural impulses which have to do with nature and with children and with youthful happiness. In his maturity, when he paid some attention to rules of poetry, when he took grammar seriously, when form and style began to worry him in what he thought was development, he became just another poet. Even these poems, of course, are still wonderful poetry. Riley considered it his best work but the really understanding critics knew that *the* Riley was through.

Sunset Years

As he grew older, little more was done. He wrote some formal poems and occasionally attended important meetings when he was especially importuned to

be present. Riley felt that his career was finished after a severe illness in his fifties, but he lived quite a number of years thereafter, and quite comfortably indeed. He rode over the countryside in his automobile—and this he enjoyed. He loved the cognomen, "The Hoosier Poet"; a shy personality, he enjoyed the adulation of children. He was never given to "putting on airs," always feeling that the honor was unearned and that the encomiums were really due someone else.

He lived to be 66 years old, partly paralyzed during the last years of his life. Riley did not go about much, but his volumes were published and republished and gathered again in various forms and types and styles so that under the guiding hand of his brother-in-law a substantial estate was created and comfort and affluence came to Riley from middle age until his death.

It was the custom of Carl Fisher, Charlie Bookwalter, and James Whitcomb Riley to go to Florida in the fall. On one of these trips, Carl Fisher, without the knowledge of Riley, had arranged a program in celebration of Riley's birthday. He timed his trip so that they arrived at Valdosta, Georgia, on the evening of the day prior to Riley's birthday. They stayed there over night and the next day a celebration staged chiefly by school children was held for Riley.

In arranging this celebration, they seated Mr. Riley in a large armchair at the foot of the steps leading to the bandstand in the public square. Mr. Bookwalter and Mr. Fisher were seated at the top of the stairs on the bandstand proper. The school children were arranged on the sidewalk around the public square. There were hundreds of them, so Mr. Bookwalter said, and they marched single file from two directions to the point where the walk to the bandstand entered the park. There the children formed in pairs and marched down toward Mr. Riley, each carrying an armload of flowers. He sat there in his chair and, as the children came up to him, they divided and each dropped his armload of flowers at Mr. Riley's feet. Due to the number of children, the flowers actually piled up to the point where they all but covered Mr. Riley. Charlie Bookwalter said that Riley turned around to him where he was sitting just above him and said, "Charlie, give me a handkerchief. My old eyes are leakin'."

James Whitcomb Riley sang the songs of his people. He knew them; he loved them; they loved him. He is enshrined forever in the hearts of Hoosierland.

THE ASTROLABE

BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER

FESTIVAL DAYS AT TRIER

I have kept my eye on the sector on the upper Moselle which points toward the American lines at Luxemburg. All the war maps show it, with the word Trier occupying the center of the triangle. Looking closely, there is a town on the banks of the Moselle, and its name is Trier. The French call it *Treves*. The ancient Romans called it *Augusta* of the *Treviri,* for this city is older than either Germany or France, or the Christian era. Noting that it was not so far off the beaten path between London and Cologne, we resolved to make a side trip to the oldest city in Western Europe.

When we got there, St. Peter, the patron saint of Trier, was having his holy-day. All shops, business houses, and banks were closed. High mass was celebrated in every church, the bishop himself officiating in the cathedral. The festivities really extended over a period of two weeks. During this time the *Vieh-Markt* presented a picturesque aspect. Here a great number of booths had been erected in the form of a square. The outer portion, facing the four streets which enclose the market place, was occupied by traveling trades-people who exposed a notable variety of goods for sale—tin-ware, china-ware, lace, dry-goods, clothes, toys, jewelry, bric-a-brac, etc. The inner court formed by these booths was devoted to various forms of popular amusement. Here were to be seen trained dogs, "educated" horses, Punch-and-Judy shows, puppet-theatres, and a great number of small establishments where "valuable prizes" might be won

by shooting at a mark, throwing rings, or turning wheels of chance. A superb merry-go-round, painted, gilded, studded with thousands of little mirrors, a remarkable musical instrument discoursing sweet music (though a little over-loud and off key) within, was the central feature of the fair. What with the shouting of the trades-people and dispensers of amusement, the chattering of the puppet-shows, the tinkling music emanating from a dozen booths, and the surging crowds moving among all these glories, many of the visitors from the surrounding country dressed in quaint and old-fashioned festival attire—the scene seemed like a chapter from the storybooks of childhood acted over in real life, under a real sky, with the identical low, huddling, whitewashed, tile-roofed houses and grey cathedral towers for an appropriate setting.

Preparations were even then being made for a much greater holyday, that connected with the public exhibition of the "Holy Coat of Treves"—the reputed garment worn by our Lord during His sufferings, over which the Roman soldiers cast the lot after the crucifixion. This inexpressibly holy object is exhibited to the public once in a generation. In 1844 more than a million pilgrims gathered in Treves to pay their devotion at its shrine; in 1891 two special boats were chartered to convey the American worshippers alone—more than 1,500,000 pilgrims from all parts of the world gathering on that occasion. The fact that there are seventeen other garments, claiming the same distinction, in as many other shrines, does not seem to disturb the inhabitants of Treves in the conviction that they possess in their Cathedral "the most precious relic of our Lord." Expert investigation has established two points regarding the origin and antiquity of the Holy Coat; it is certainly not of oriental workmanship, and it does not date from early Christian times; its exalted character rests upon fiction —it is *not* the garment "without seam throughout," worn by the Savior. However, we were shown the spot behind the beautiful altar of the Cathedral where this relic is being kept; also one of the nails used at the crucifixion and a foot of St. Andrew the apostle. The city is almost solid Catholic, or was, in 1906, when out of 45,000 inhabitants more than 40,000 were Roman Catholic. And they gave evidence of regarding their religion as a vital part of their daily lives. Largely it was the cult of Mary that prevailed even over the honors paid the patron saint of Trier, St. Peter. Her images were seen everywhere; they adorned the outer walls of the

churches, more than fifty being placed around the doorway of the Liebfrauenkirche alone; several altars were erected to her honor in every house of worship. Her statues occupied little niches cut into the corners of dwellinghouses about twelve feet above the level of the street. There were images of the Virgin in bronze, marble, wood, and plaster of Paris, large and small, plain and colored, wherever the visitor walked in the streets of Treves or on the country roads leading into it. In our hotel there was an image of the Virgin at every turning of the stairs, and another in each of the guestrooms.

Well, that was in 1906. And there is Trier, now, in the triangle which points at the American invaders, the center of von Rundstedt's marshalling of his crack divisions for the tremendous counter-offensive of December 16, 1944. There, in the gloom of a Northern European December and in the dead of night, marched and counter-marched hundreds of thousands of men with battle equipment, such a sight as the old stones and the Black Gate—the colossal structure reared by the ancient Romans—had not seen in 1,900 years. Those ancient lanes and streets were filled with the noise of great Tiger tanks and automotive cannon rumbling over the cobblestones. No doubt, a few days later, many an American soldier, made captive in the counter-offensive, was marched through these same streets, the citizens looking on in wonderment. And among these, no doubt, some of the boys and girls whose games we watched in the shadow of the Black Gate. I remember the wonderment of our little company when we noticed that these school children of eight or ten spoke both German and French, passing from one language to the other with perfect ease, quite unconsciously, it seemed. Eight years later they saw the legions of Emperor William II march through their town to invade France and Belgium. When the Kaiser fled to Holland, Trier was occupied by the French. On Decoration Day, 1920, an American Lutheran chaplain (A. J. Schliesser) was there to decorate the graves of hundreds of American soldiers. Generalissimo Foch was there and talked with the Americans. The inhabitants saw Hitler's panzers headed for another conquest in 1940, three years later the back-surge of Rommel's beaten army—what will remain of the Dom, of the Liebfrauenkirche, of the Basilica, one of the oldest Christian churches in the world (now Protestant), of the Palace of Emperor Constantine the Great, of the Black Gate and of the "Rote Haus" facing

the market place—when Patton's army will fight street by street and house by house, subduing Hitler's desperadoes—who can tell? And I wonder whether the inscription on the "Rote Haus," built in the Middle Ages still remains: *"Thirteen hundred years before Rome (in the days of Noah) stood Treves; may it continue to grow and enjoy eternal peace."*

THE EMBARRASSING ERROR OF VON BRODOWSKY

It was a regrettable mistake, so we are now told, when a German general, identified only as Von Brodowsky, ordered the execution of all the inhabitants of the French village of Oradour-Sur-Glane, in June, 1944.

What happened was this. Oradour-Sur-Glane was a small community in Central France. The Germans declared that a staff car had been fired upon there with some fatalities, and they suspected the villagers of possessing a secret supply of ammunition. As punishment, they rounded up the entire population. The men they shot. The women and children were herded into a church and burned to death. Of the 1,100 victims about 300 were children. There were just ten survivors. The killings were carried out by a battalion of SS men who, executing orders of their commanding general, herded 800 women, children, babies in perambulators and expectant mothers into a church which they set afire with phosphorus, and machine-gunned the occupants from the windows even while they burned to death. A French officer explained to a staff correspondent, Graham Hovey, of the International News Service, three months later, that the village ordinarily had a population of only 800, but that it had become a haven for children from the areas of Paris and Alsace-Lorraine, and that there were at least 1,200 persons in the town when it was exterminated. Mr. Hovey found nothing left in the ruins of the church except dust and stones and stray wisps of human hair and pieces of rings and jewelry. Outside the church door he found the piled, burned, rusted trash of the baby perambulators.

It is just as well to say that during the same week, when this story was written, Mr. Edward Kennedy, veteran Associated Press war correspondent, visited the town. He also reports that the place had been filled with refugees, especially children. Many mothers from Paris and other cities in danger of being bombed had come with their children to pass the summer. Other families placed their children to board at

homes in the village. After some 600 women and children had been crowded into the church and the doors were locked, the massed humanity inside was first machine-gunned from the windows; then the Germans hurled phosphorus grenades through the windows. These phosphorus grenades generated such heat that crucifixes and other metal fixtures of the church melted and poured in rivulets over the floor. The men were massacred in their houses. Mr. Kennedy saw the bloodstains on the walls and floors of the wrecked church, school, and houses.

Now it develops that a regrettable mistake was made when the destruction of Oradour was decreed. No German soldiers had been killed at or near the town, and a German officer has since publicly admitted in some embarrassment that there had been "a mistake." It appeared, he said, that they had "punished the wrong village."

It would be interesting, if we had the space, to analyze the story of Oradour as a test case for truthfulness of the reporting of the present war. There are still folks who remember that back in 1914 an American reporter accepted, on no good evidence, the report of the Belgian children who had their hands chopped off by the invading Prussians. Because a newspaper story in 1914 was disproven by a later testimony, it is being argued, by a process of logic which defies analysis, that all the reports of the German massacring of Jews and Poles are just so much propaganda stuff.

As a matter of fact, no details of the invasion of Palestine by Sennacherib, of Caesar's Gallic wars, of the burning of Magdeburg by Tilly, of the pillage of Mexico by Cortez, of the destruction of Atlanta by the Northern army—none of these unquestioned horrors of ancient and modern warfare are as well attested as the practice of the SS troopers of destroying great numbers of Jews, Poles, and members of other "inferior" races. Any one who knows the rivalry between news reporters will accept without skepticism stories which so perfectly coincide as the reports on the Oradour "error," especially when one has seen the photographs taken on the spot by another ace reporter, Bruce Thomas, who lectured at St. Louis in October of last year, recently returned from the invasion front. It is impossible for thirty reporters to invent a story such as that of Lublin with its 800,000 corpses and of Birkenau with its more than a million dead, and not become entangled with contradictions and discrepancies. The reporter who could reveal that these stories were a hoax would be the ace reporter of the

year. When these same newspaper men went across Normandy last summer, they reported no atrocities and published to the world what they might easily have withheld, the fact that the French were well clothed and well fed.

Those of us who would like to believe in the inherent decency of the human race hesitate to accept the narrative of the "mistake" of Oradour as historical fact. We also would like to believe that there has been no three-day riot of bloodshed and rape when Magdeburg was taken in 1631, no massacre of the Huguenots in France on St. Bartholomew's night 1572. But there is no atrocity of which man in his inhumanity to man has not become guilty.

OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION OF THE COMMUNISTS

The Communist Political Association (John Williamson, Secretary, and Charles Krumbein, Treasurer) on November 20 sent a word of greeting to all members of the Association, expressing deep gratification with the reelection of President Roosevelt. This reelection is referred to as "the outstanding contribution of the Communists who joined their best energies with the broad people's movement to assure this victory." But there is more to be done—much more. More problems remain to be solved, and towards their solution the members of the Communist Political Association are encouraged to assist others by arming themselves "with the Marxist knowledge." The members are invited to obtain their new cards in order to be in a favorable position for 1945, to build a better America, "with the Marxist knowledge."

The document shows that the Communists, flush with new enthusiasm, are putting renewed power into their purpose to be the dynamic force inside the left-wing drive to soften America for some form of Marxian Socialism. They are at work in the social fields in one way—and in labor unions in another. They are a genuine threat to everything we revere as traditionally American.

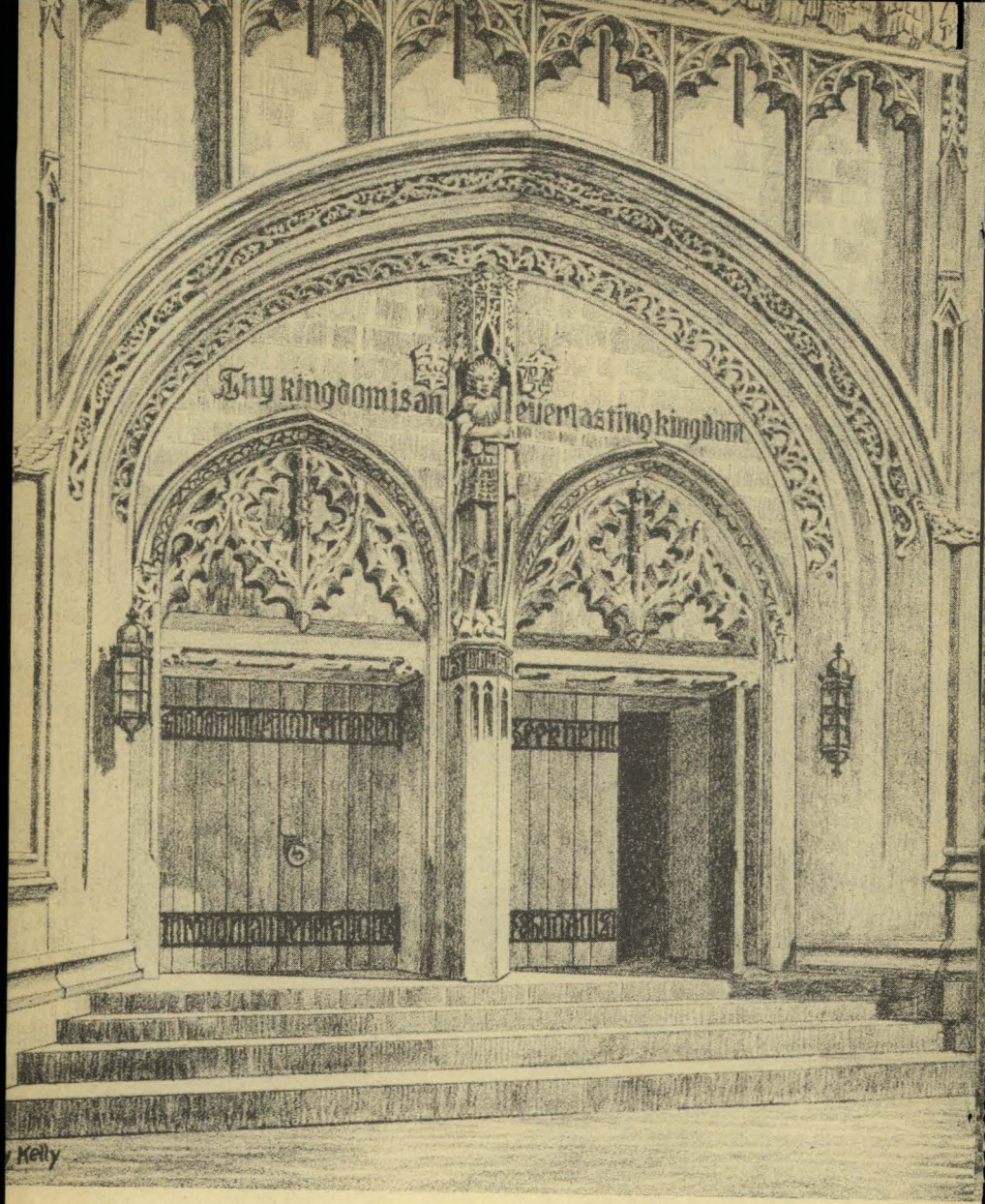
The Fascination of a Doorway

A door that opens one way is a trap,
But working both ways is a blessed thing
For coming in to learn and going out to serve.

In many works of art, in architecture and in paintings, too, the doorway has focused attention and fascinated the true artist. Plans for many buildings have gone to ruin on faulty and weak portals, while some rather poor and characterless buildings have been rescued from complete oblivion by strong entrances.

Some eight or ten years ago a fine, sensitive artist, Clay Kelly, who had labored almost under the shadow of the great Gothic halls of the University of Chicago, disappeared and has never been heard from since. He had made etchings of the famous portals of the University of Chicago and of his own Alma Mater, De Pauw, at Greencastle, Indiana. Since he was a native Hoosier, his home state requested his return and commissioned him to do etchings for Indiana and Purdue. He has never been heard from since that time. The most persistent search of police and federal agents has uncovered no trace at all of him. Courageously, his wife continues to maintain the old Studio of the South Side Art School at 1542 East 57th Street. There she displays his poetic paintings and waits for the day of his possible return. Day and night the studio is open for the casual visitor or the prospective buyer. Neither one is ever disappointed. The glorious chance to purchase sunshine, rain, the gold of autumn, summer's glow, the tone of sunset bells, the stillness of white snow and the flood of cleansing rain comes but too rarely in our world at war. They ought to be secured by those who have the means for this man's work will grow in worth throughout the years.

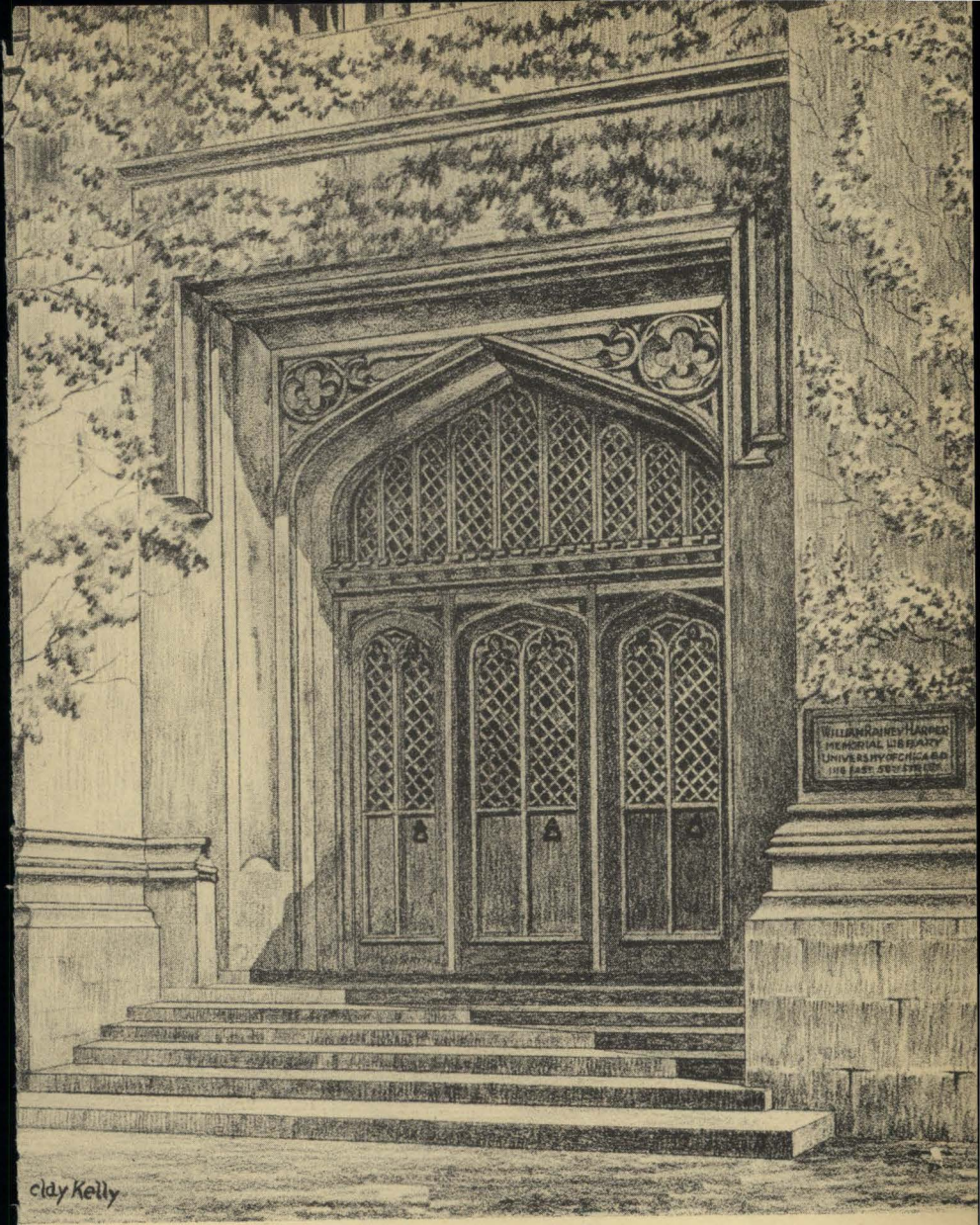
Adalbert R. Kretzmann



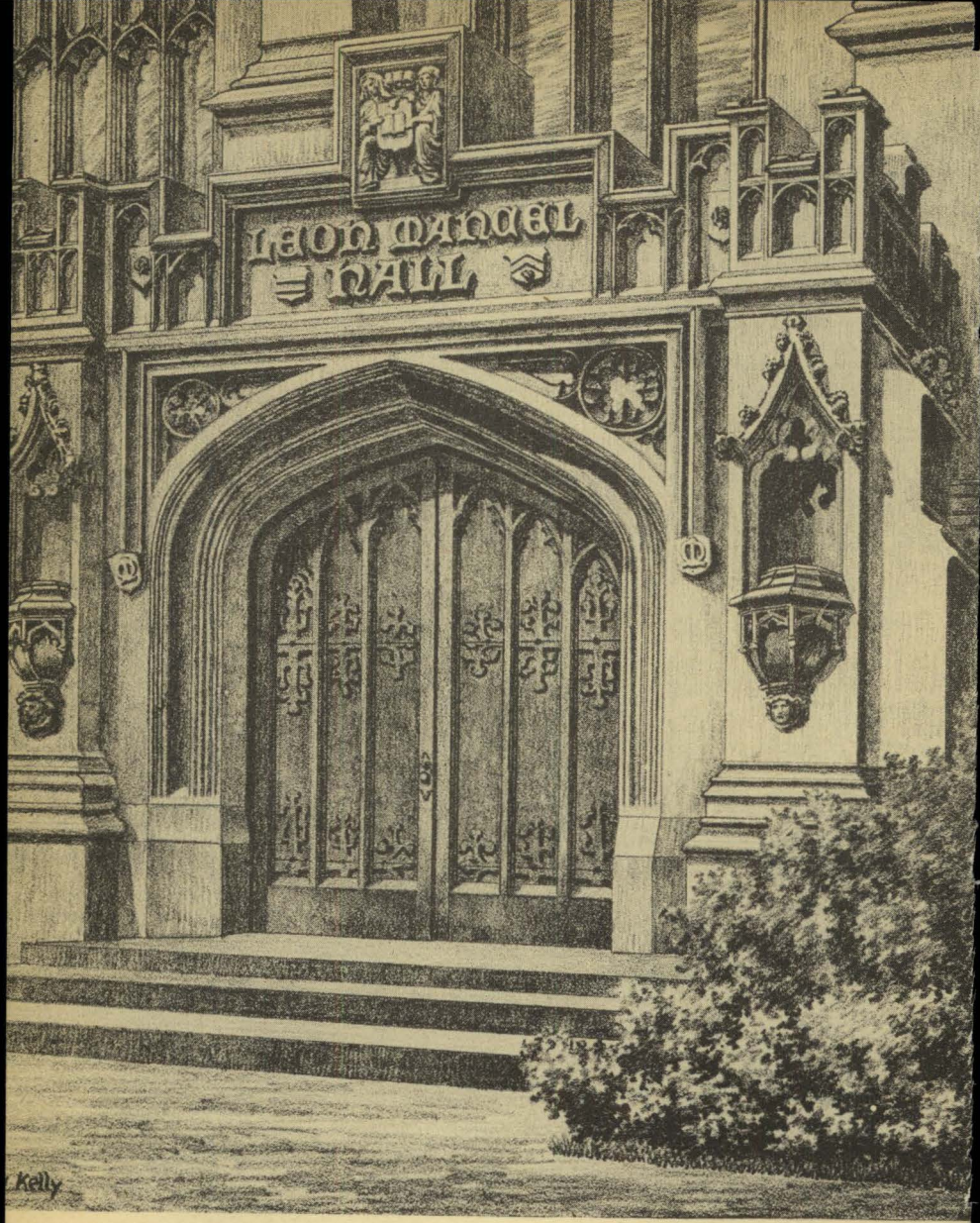
The Great Portal of the Rockefeller Memorial Chapel

Cobb Lecture Hall and the Old University Bulletin Boards

The Chicago Lying-In Hospital

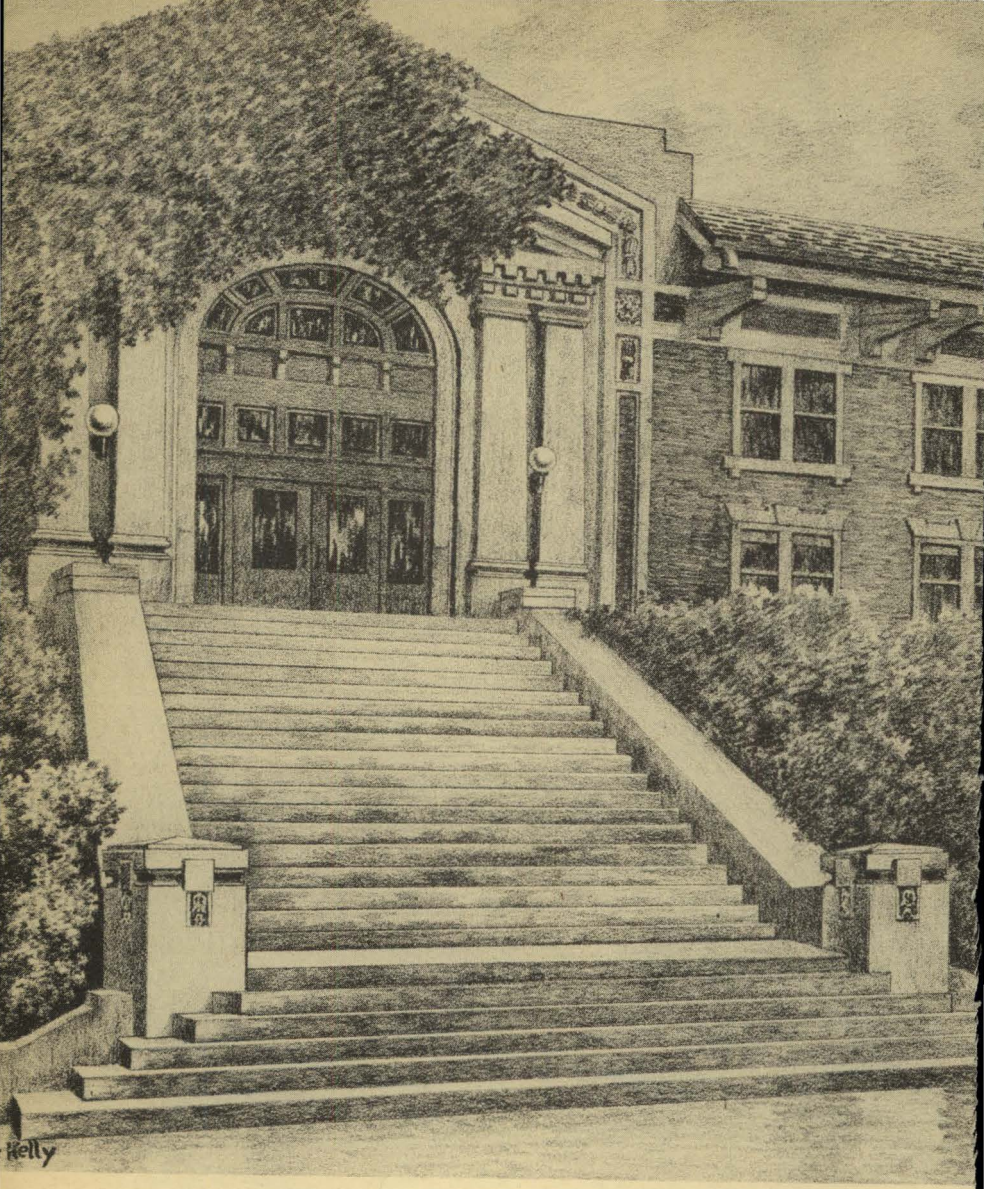


Harper Memorial Library



Leon Mandel Hall

East College, De Pauw University



Doorway of the Gymnasium, De Pauw University

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Herbert, Verdi, Sinatra, and Scarlatti

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

Many of the tunes fabricated by Victor Herbert continue to cling lustily and doggedly to thousands of throats. Corn syrup, you know, is somewhat gluey. It's sticky by nature.

"Kiss Me Again," from *Mademoiselle Modiste,* is a case in point. It's sung, hummed, crooned, whistled, and played every day in the year. Many a bathtub has reveled in its syrupy prettiness. It has caused many thousands of hearts to go pitapat. "Kiss Me Again" leads what some politicians would call a decidedly abundant life. Patient souls endure it in silence; other souls, far less patient, are inclined to froth at the mouth whenever they hear it. Nevertheless, it lives. Can anyone slay "Kiss Me Again"? Can anyone dispatch it to the bourn from which no traveler returns?

Listen to the honeysweet strains of "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life," from *Naughty Marietta.* I have heard young girls and old girls shout for joy when Nelson Eddy sang that time-honored little ditty. Their rapture knew no bounds. Sometimes I wondered whether "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life" or Mr. Eddy himself was the explanation; but I couldn't escape the realization that "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life" invariably evoked greater enthusiasm than the other tidbits in *Naughty Marietta.* Yes, it was even more potent than "I'm Falling in Love with Someone."

Herbert was a clever craftsman. In addition, he was a past master of the fine art of prettifying the commonplace. Since the commonplace is always popular, many of his tunes will always be popular. The Herbert melodies are pretty. They will retain their prettiness in spite of all those who, like myself, can't discover in them any-

thing more important than mere prettiness. "Kiss Me Again," "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life," "I'm Falling in Love with Someone," the "Italian Street Song," and many other songs from the Herbert workshop seem destined to be with us for a long, long time. Would that all composers of light operas were gifted with the rare ability to write tunes equally pretty!

Let's not forget that the Herbertian type of prettiness serves many a useful purpose in this world of ups and downs. Even those whom no one would call Herbert addicts can take some amount of pleasure in it—now and then.

Did Herbert make *Naughty Marietta* what it really is, or must the credit go to Rida Johnson Young, who concocted the libretto? Must we sing special hymns of praise to producers and directors who take keen delight in tinkering artfully and more or less successfully with the original story? Who knows? At any rate, it would be unfair to disparage the ability of a librettist unduly when careful consideration leads to the clear-cut conclusion that libretto and music are, in the final analysis, two of a kind.

The plot of *Naughty Marietta* is neither wonderful nor downright execrable. It's a cross between disconcerting vagueness and shrieking inanity. It creaks and squeals. It has complications, bits of mild tragedy, plenty of slapstick comedy, and a somewhat flimsy love interest. At rare moments it bows ever so slightly in the direction of common sense. Is it possible to explain why the operetta has enjoyed such a vogue in our land? Strange things happen in this world of ours. Yes, the phenomenal popularity of *Naughty Marietta* is difficult to explain —unless you ascribe it either to the enchantingly mellifluous potency of "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life" or—at least in large part—to Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald.

La Traviata

Giuseppe Verdi's *La Traviata* is radically different in every respect from *Naughty Marietta.* It's a grand opera; the Young-Herbert concoction is a light opera. Distinctions in terminology are handy even if they fail to hit the bull's-eye.

The very uniqueness of *La Traviata* throws knotty problems into the laps of those who undertake to stage the work. Bear in mind that the story on which it's based gives out more than one unpleasant odor. In fact, the highly personalized plot of *La Traviata* is fantastic from stem to stern. It's closely related to Giacomo Puccini's *La Boheme;* for in both operas a consumptive heroine sings

eloquently and in a florid style shortly before breathing her last.

Verdi succeeded admirably in blanketing an odoriferous and obnoxiously ridiculous tale with music of surpassing beauty. Don't forget, however, that the story doesn't disappear entirely. It throbs and kicks lustily under Verdi's masterfully decorated musical covering. As a result, it causes endless trouble for singers and conductors who haven't learned all the ins and outs of their craft.

In my opinion, a successful presentation of *La Traviata* depends to a large extent on the establishment of an unusually intimate bond of contact between audience and performers; for, in spite of all its garbage-like qualities, the story, blanketed though it is with wonderful music, bristles with personal and tragic elements which must be emphasized with much subtleness of artistry. Whenever an enactment of *La Traviata* fails to stress those elements properly—and fails, mind you, by not bringing audience and cast closely and sympathetically together—that enactment is a fiasco.

The subtly wrought score of *La Traviata* gives incontestable evidence of Verdi's greatness as a composer. It seems unnecessary to point out that the two preludes are masterpieces in miniature, that the arias and the choruses are drenched through and through with gripping tunefulness, and that the music of the last act, in particular, abounds in unforgettable and poignantly dramatic power.

Hats Off to Sinatra

I disagree violently with those who deny that Frank Sinatra will go down in history as a great artist. I say this even though I'm utterly unable to analyze the young man's voice. In fact, I sometimes wonder whether it's a voice at all. I'm inclined to believe that it's a disease. At all events, it has made an undying name for itself. Sinatra will be remembered for a long, long time in our own land and in many other parts of the world. He has proved to a greater degree than any other crooner that it's possible to gain unlimited fame and kegfuls of money by singing—if one can call his type of artistry *singing*—in a thoroughly unmusical way. In all probability, Sinatra's fame will outlive the fame of Orpheus of old. Orpheus, you know, won a world-wide reputation because of sterling musicianship. Sinatra, however, has gained deathless renown as a musician without even a tiny shred of musicianship in his make-up. Can anything – or anyone – be more wonderful? Is there a single valid reason why history shouldn't honor Sinatra with monuments more durable

than bronze? What, after all, are bushels of false notes among friends? When Sinatra lifts up his "disease" in song, the very falseness of the tones has an electrifying effect on many spellbound listeners.

A Neglected Composer

Great names and influential personages sometimes have a stubborn way of being forgotten and neglected—even in music. There's Alessandro Scarlatti, for example. How many of those who are delighted to the quick year in and year out by the many fine operas that have come to us from Italy know that they're indebted to him for much of their pleasure? Yet one seldom sees his name on concert programs. Now and then a singer ambitious and perspicacious enough to depart to some extent from beaten paths presents a composition or two from Alessandro's exceedingly fertile and facile pen; but it's safe to say that the average listener pays little or no attention to what Alessandro accomplished or to what kind of role he played in Italian music.

It's high time that we dig the name of Alessandro Scarlatti out of the history books in which it lies all but buried and that we confer upon the able composer the popularity which he so richly deserves.

Alessandro was born in Sicily in 1659. He died in Naples in 1725. Among historians it has become customary to speak of him as the father of what is known as the Neapolitan school of composition. He created a new style of writing —a style which exercised a debilitating influence on church music but paved the way for significant advances in the domain of opera. When he composed for the church, he departed from the noble objectivity and the overawing depth of the mighty Palestrina, injected much sweetness into his music, and, for this reason, took more than one step toward the rear; but the very characteristics which, in the field of sacred song, had some of the earmarks of retrogression were towers of strength in his operatic works. It has been said that, largely because of Alessandro's far-reaching influence, church music began to coquet with the stage.

It's true that Alessandro strove to be profoundly serious and even severe in the music he composed for the church; but, like the leopard, he couldn't change his spots. Strictly speaking, he became the father of Italian opera as a whole. He elevated music far above the libretto and gave rise to a florid and brilliantly melodious manner of writing. We know, of course, that a better balance was brought about when such great pathfind-

ers as Gluck and Mozart appeared upon the scene; but it would be absurd to deny that one can discover the hand of Alessandro even in the magnificent masterpieces composed by Verdi.

Alessandro was a prolific composer. He wrote 200 masses and more than a hundred operas. Through Johann Adolf Hasse (1699-1783), a brilliant pupil of his, some of his principles were effectively transplanted to Germany. The most famous of the Italians who studied under his guidance were his son, Domenico Scarlatti, to whom the art of piano-playing owes much, Francesco Durante (1684-1755), and Leonardo Leo (1694-1745).

RECENT RECORDINGS

GIACOMO PUCCINI. The Heart of *La Boheme*. Licia Albanese, soprano; Beniamino Gigli, tenor; Tatiana Menotti, soprano; Aristide Baracchi, baritone; Afro Poli, baritone; Duilio Baronti, bass; Carlo Scattola, bass; and the La Scala Orchestra, of Milan, under the direction of Umberto Berretoni.—An excellent recordrama condensation of the vivid music of Puccini's famous tear-jerker. Recording and artistry are on a high level. Victor Album 980. $6.04.

CLAUDE ACHILLE DEBUSSY. "Prelude" and "Minuet," from *Suite Bergamasque*. E. Robert Schmitz, pianist.—Clear-cut pianism. Victor disc 11-8694. $1.05.

JOHAN SEBASTIAN BACH. "Prelude in E Minor" ("Cathedral") and "Fugue in E Minor." E. Power Biggs, playing the baroque organ in the Germanic Museum of Harvard University.—Artistry and recording are superb. Victor disc 10-1121. Seventy-nine cents.

RICHARD RODGERS. Selections from *Oklahoma*. Arranged by Peter Bodge. The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—Vivid performances of the introductory music, "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!" "Surrey with the Fringe on Top," and "People Will Say We're in Love." Victor disc 11-8742. $1.05.

The Literary Scene

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR TO BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

All unsigned reviews are by members of the staff

Unknown Lady

WIFE TO MR. MILTON. By Robert Graves. Creative Age Press, New York. 1944. 380 pages. $2.75.

HERE is a novel that stresses our common belief that a marriage of convenience seldom pays dividends of happiness. Although it is said that Milton really loved Marie Powell before their marriage, the differences in their modes of life bred bitterness and resentment. This is a conjectural story of their private life. Milton's first wife, Marie, was accustomed to the pleasures of life found in a fine manor house in Forest Hill near Oxford. John Milton was more inclined to the ways of Puritanism and severity. She married Milton because he had asked for her hand at a convenient time and because her father owed a sum of money to him. Her love for another prevented her from finding contentment with the poet. It was a few weeks after her marriage that she went, still virgin, to her parents, returning to her husband two years later. She died after the birth of her fourth child.

The book is singular in that it presents a more favorable account of Marie than of her husband. The intimate story of these people is presented as if it came straight from her diary. The book portrays Milton's normal daily life rather than the conception the outside world had of him. As a husband he was domineering, strict, and harsh without malice. He acted according to his beliefs.

The work is poignant with its descriptions of the customs of the people during the seventeenth century. Women will be interested in the general manner of managing a household, and men will enjoy reading about the methods used to care for crops and the local sports of the time. All will be interested in the comments about the current laws and fads. The background of the novel is laid amid the turbulent historical period of England which existed during the reign of Charles I. The civil wars arose from the forces of parliament against King Charles, other religions against Puritanism, and the Scots and Irish against the restrictions of freedom and rights. The author

strongly presents facts of the Puritan Revolution as they affected the lives of the people. One of the most virile activities of the times was pamphlet writing—a cause to which John Milton applied himself most assiduously.

The vocabulary used in this book is very often obscene; it leaves little to the imagination. This is not the best work of Robert Graves. However, his hearty, earthy, robust style is characteristic of this English author and poet. Added for the reader's interest are appendices containing legal data pertaining to the estate of Richard Powell, Marie's father, a glossary of terms and an epilogue which tells of the later life of Milton.

MILDRED POWELL

The Confessions of G. B. S.

EVERYBODY'S POLITICAL WHAT'S WHAT? By Bernard Shaw. Dodd, Mead and Co., New York. 1944. 380 pages. $3.00.

IN his new book Mr. Shaw attempts "to track down some of the mistakes that have landed us in a gross misdistribution of domestic income and in two world wars in twenty-five years. . . ." He assumes that any new and better world will naturally be a socialistic one, but he does not believe in political equality. "For legislative purposes," he says, "adult suffrage is out of the question, as only a small percentage of any population has either the requisite faculty or knowledge." He would have the members of a government elected by a qualified electorate from "panels of persons who have passed such tests as we can devise of their wisdom, comprehension, knowledge, and energy." It is for this new government of highly trained specialists that Mr Shaw attempts to "fence off as many of the pitfalls and signpost as many of the right roads" as he can. His undertaking reminds one of Francis Bacon's purpose in writing the *Advancement of Learning.*

Most readers will find Mr. Shaw's "signposting" less interesting than his "fencing off." When he directs us to a new and better world, he is only pointing his finger at the old and slightly shopworn Utopia of the Fabian Socialists of yesteryear—a Utopia for which he himself seems to have lost much of his former enthusiasm.

But when he is busy "fencing off pitfalls," he is the old *George* Bernard Shaw, the St. George who enjoys nothing more than fighting real and imaginary dragons. In this volume the dragons are, among other things, private ownership of land, the British party system, the schools of England, our system of money and banking, the insurance companies, vivisection, vaccination, prisons, state and municipal corruption, and Christianity.

Many of his criticisms of various aspects of our civilization are not only valid, but extremely well put; but only too frequently Mr. Shaw dons the motley of the jester and shows off by going to extremes. The following passage, for instance, will make every Christian blush with shame:

> I was present once at the induction of a rector into a Church of England living. Although I knew beforehand that the bishop would have to ask the postulant a question to which the answer would be a deliberate lie, known to be

such to both of them, and was prepared to admit that they were both doing this under duress, having to do it or have their vocations closed to them, it was none the less shocking to see and hear it actually done. The best brain among our Church dignitaries has given it to us in writing that if the Thirtynine Articles (the subject of the lie) were taken seriously the Church would be staffed exclusively by fools, bigots, and liars.

But the following passage will make him realize that Mr. Shaw, who is almost ninety years old, is not too old to enjoy being shocking:

> It is time to tell our Fundamentalists bluntly that they are the worst enemies of religion today; that Jehovah is no god, but a barbarous tribal idol; that the English Bible, though a masterpiece of literary art in its readable parts, and, being the work of many highly gifted authors and translators, rich in notable poems, proverbs, precepts, and entertaining if not always edifying stories, is yet a jumble of savage superstition, obsolete cosmology, and a theology which, beginning with Calibanesque idolatry and propitiatory blood sacrifices (Genesis to Kings), . . . finally explodes in a mystical opium dream of an impossible apocalypse (Revelation): every one of these phases being presented in such an unbalanced one-sided way, that the first Christian Catholic Church forbade the laity to read the Bible without special permission.

The author is a garrulous old man, but he is also a very provocative one. Any adult reader who has not had his taste for interesting digressions spoilt by reading "digest" magazines will enjoy meandering around in the mind and memory of G.B.S.

Like any good talker, Mr. Shaw has no distaste for the first person singular. His book is full of snatches of autobiography, and to this reviever these snatches are the most interesting part of the volume.

Everybody's Political What's What? is called by its author "only an attempt by a very ignorant old man to communicate to people still more ignorant than himself such elementary social statics as he has managed to pick up. . . ." Mr. Shaw may have attempted to communicate primarily social statics, although that is hardly probable; but he has really communicated, in very pungent prose, his own thoughts and feelings on practically all aspects of life and art. As a matter of fact, his new volume might well be entitled "The Confessions of G. B. S."

WALTER G. FRIEDRICH

Joyous Immigrant

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN. By George and Helen Papashvily. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1945. 202 pages. $2.00.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, a Book-of-the-Month selection for January, recounts the career and adventures of George Papashvily, a Georgian immigrant, who found America not only the land of promise, but the land where "anything can happen." Had he migrated to the iciest waste of Greenland or the barest sand dune of the Sahara, anything might have happened there too, for no spot could long remain dull with George there to cause confusion and create incident. His robust good humor, his keen sense of the ridiculous, his honesty, and his deep love and under-

standing of men enable him to enjoy life when many of us would be inclined to bow our heads submissively and accept our fate. There was, for instance, the bleak day of his arrival in America. He was penniless and friendless when he reached New York, but he soon had a friend, a dime, a bag of sandwiches, and a peaceful park to sleep in. Life looked very dark, to be sure, the day he stood in court accused of theft. (He had held a bouquet while his more enterprising friends picked flowers in the city park.) George simply addressed the judge as "your Honesty," told the truth, and in a few minutes he was free, untarnished, and ready for his next adventure. And George manages to have a wide variety of adventures, ranging from being beaten unconscious by steel strikers to being discovered in a state of undress in the grandfather clock by his wife and a visiting "lady." A quick smile and an apt word of explanation always saves him. "'How do you do," I said. I came out. 'Happened as I was going swimming I noticed this clock was running slow. About five minutes. Little adjustment. Be all right.' "

The book is entertaining and charming not only because it gives a rollicking account of George's adventures but also because it introduces the reader to George's friends. They are Russians, Georgians, Greeks, Slavs, Esthonians—all new Americans whose native manners and customs have not yet been dissolved in the melting pot. Their parties are gay, their songs are rhythmic, their laughter comes easily and their tears flow freely. Like George, they are proud to be in America, but to them a friend is still more important than money, and the sound of one's native tongue in a strange land is well worth a thirty years' search.

Helen Papashvily who, according to her husband, is "the literary composer of our family," makes splendid use of her husband's strange turn of idiom in writing this book. Her skillful handling of his naive approach to the intricacies of English grammar creates a style that is both simple and vivid. The book is thoroughly enjoyable, and its lightheartedness is really refreshing in this dark day.

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH

Presidential Adviser

BERNARD BARUCH: Park Bench Statesman. By Carter Field. Whittlesey House. McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., New York. 1944. 314 pages. $3.00.

CARTER FIELD has covered national and international affairs as a Washington correspondent for thirty years and is well acquainted with our leaders in the capital. In this book he presents the life story of the man who in his opinion has "the finest brain" among our prominent Washingtonians, and, beyond that, "the most unselfish eagerness to serve his country and mankind"—Bernard Baruch.

Every reader in our country is familiar with the name of Bernard Baruch. During the present war his "park bench office" has made him especially conspicuous. He is remembered as the man who came forth with a few others to solve the rubber

problem, just when it seemed to be insoluble. He also produced the most widely noted plan for reconversion to civilian production. Mr. Baruch's reticence, his quiet readiness to be of help to those who are in need of his counsel, his withdrawal from the limelight as soon as a task was done—these characteristics have made him the mystery man of Washington. Few of our younger generation know that he has been adviser of five Presidents, and that during World War I, as chairman of the War Industries Board, he helped to mobilize the nation.

In this book Mr. Field tells the interesting story of Baruch's early years in the Reconstruction Era of the South, of his successful career as a financier, of his home and family ties, and of his long years of public service. Twelve full-page pictures and an index enhance the value of the book.

Polish Underground

STORY OF A SECRET STATE. By Jan Karski. Houghton-Mifflin, New York, 1944. 362 pages. $3.00.

THE STORY OF A SECRET STATE, one of a dual selection for January made by the Book of the Month Club, is an apparently authentic account of the activities of the Polish underground, written by one of its liaison officers, Jan Karski, a lieutenant in the Polish army.

Brought to light in this piece of non-fiction is not only the fortitude of a Nazi-oppressed people and their ingenuity in striking back, but also their untiring efforts to preserve their government and to prevent the complete annihilation of Poland.

All of this has been accomplished through the work of those individuals making up a secret organization, the "underground," a collaboration of the four major political groups representative of almost every class of Pole.

The book gives an insight into the Nazi attempts to demoralize the people through propaganda, forced labor, and the reduction of living standards to almost nothing. The horrors of the brutal mass-killing of the non-Aryans were actually seen by Lt. Karski, not only in the Ghetto, where all Jews were forced to remain until death came in one form or another, but likewise in the death camp itself.

So far as can be determined, the story is a true and authentic one. However, the possibility for bias on the part of the author is certainly present. He was for a while a Nazi prisoner, being subjected to the most inhuman of tortures. The hospitalization following his attempted suicide, made to escape inevitable death through continued torture, actually led to his freedom. Later, the lieutenant's role as a liaison officer involved many dangerous duties, outstanding of which was the channeling of information to and from each of the four political groups and its respective operational headquarters outside the boundaries of Poland.

This simple but well-written book is Lt. Karski's first; certainly his interesting story concerning his people's fight for freedom is more than worth the little time required for reading.

Authentic Voices

WHAT THE NEGRO WANTS. Edited by Rayford W. Logan. The University of North Carolina Press. 1944. 352 pages. $3.50.

THIS timely volume on one of our country's greatest problems is composed of a series of essays by the following impressive list of Negro writers and educators: Mary McLeod Bethune, president of the National Council of Negro Women; Sterling A. Brown, associate professor of sociology, Atlanta University; Gordon W. Hancock, professor of economics and sociology, Virginia Union University; Leslie Pinckney Hill, president of State Teachers College, Cheyney, Pennsylvania; Langston Hughes, writer and board member of the magazine *Common Ground;* Rayford W. Logan, professor of history, Howard University; A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters; George S. Schuyler, associate editor of the *Pittsburgh Courier* and of the *African* and business manager of the *Crisis;* Willard S. Townsend, president of the United Transport Service Employees of America (Red Caps) and a member of the executive board of the CIO; Charles H. Wesley, president of Wilberforce University; Doxey A. Wilkerson, vice-president of the International Workers' League; Roy Wilkins, assistant secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People and editor of the *Crisis.*

In the editor's preface it is pointed out that he selected the contributors, four of whom might be called conservatives, five liberals, and five radicals, and that he in no way attempted to influence their opinions or conclusions; nor has he tried to reconcile their differences or to avoid repetitions. Whatever the differences are among the viewpoints of the contributors, there is unanimity as to what the Negro wants, namely to enjoy the same rights, opportunities, and privileges that are vouchsafed to all other Americans and that the Negro should fulfill all the obligations that are required of all other Americans. The editor frankly states: "Americans who profess to believe in democracy will have to face the dilemma of cooperating in the implementation of these aspirations or of limiting their ideals to white Americans only."

The book also has a publisher's introduction which is exhilarating in its frankness. The publisher, W. T. Couch, explains: "This book was written at the request of the Press (of the University of North Carolina). The idea back of the request was that the country, and particularly the South, ought to know what the Negro wants, and that statements from leading Negroes might throw some light on this important question."

We heartily recommend this book to all those who are interested in the problem of the Negro in our country—and what intelligent American is not?—but we most earnestly recommend for study the publisher's introduction. In our opinion it, more than any of the essays in the book, gets at the real heart of the problem. He poses the very questions that must be answered if we are to find a solution of the race question in our midst,

and which are not satisfactorily answered by any of the essayists. He is forthright in saying: "While I disagree with the editor and most of the contributors on basic problems, there is much in the present book with which I have to agree."

A Thriller

12:20 P.M. By William Gilmore Beymer. Whittlesey House, New York. 1944. 273 pages. $2.50.

EVERY day at 12:20 p. m. the whole world paused to pray "Almighty God, the decent peoples of this whole earth are in anguish, all brought upon us by the bloody hands and black mind of one man. One man, Lord God, one man—Adolf Hitler. Only if Thou blot him out can mankind again have freedom and peace. Destroy him, Almighty Lord, destroy this one man. Amen." The originator of this ingenious plan, one Halvor Rynning of South Dakota, explains, "This is not a prayer of hate. . . . A doctor doesn't hate the gangrene he cuts away. His only thought is to save the rest of the body."

Whether or not we agree that the miseries of the world all stem from the machinations of Adolf Hitler, the author has used this thought and the Führer's subsequent destruction as the center of an absorbing story. Halvor Rynning's simple plan sweeps across the earth like wild-fire. Hitler discovers that each hour of the day, just at twenty minutes past the hour, someone is praying for his death. The account of his last tortured days and shocking demise is later given to a reporter by the only witness who escaped Germany. Here is an interesting tale, fast-paced—if highly dramatic—and filled with suspense from cover to cover. The author uses the style of a newspaper reporter gathering material for a story—and the story can't be any more exciting than his own as he gathers the facts. His descriptions are vivid and with an eye to accuracy as he pictures the suspicion and suspense of war-time Lisbon. The gradual psychological deterioration of Hitler builds itself into a powerful climax. Here is an unusual plot, capably executed to provide an evening of exciting reading.

Portrait of Winnie

WINSTON CHURCHILL IN THE MIRROR: His Life in Picture and Story. By René Kraus. E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., New York. 1944. 232 pages. $2.75.

THIS book is the first pictorial history of Britain's prime minister. It was published in honor of his 70th birthday. Like the story of Woodrow Wilson recently reviewed in these pages, the bulk of the book is in pictures. There are 218 in all, and a most remarkable collection it is, ranging from his boyhood days to 1944. Most of the illustrations are reproductions of photographs, but there is a goodly sprinkling of cartoons to enliven the pages and to keep the picture of the man well-balanced.

The book has its value, not in its evaluation of the man and his career, which it does not attempt to do, but in the pictures it presents. We were especially interested in those of his mother and his wife, the two women

who wielded a strong influence on Churchill's career. There is no doubt that his likeness of features to his American mother is striking, though the slight drop of his upper eyelids is a characteristic from his father's side. It is very fitting that the frontispiece should be a recent one taken with his wife, to whom he is deeply devoted.

The book is divided into three parts, and fairly equally: the first from childhood to his elevation to First Lord of the Admiralty; the second, to his leadership in World War II; the third, to the present time.

Italian Scholar

GERMANY AND EUROPE: A Spiritual Dissension. By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Vincent Sheean. Random House, New York. 1944. 83 pages. $1.25.

THE author of this little volume on *Germany and Europe* needs no introduction to the academic world. Since he is one of Italy's outstanding living scholars, philosophers, and historians, his influence has made itself felt all over the academic world and, to a certain extent, his ideas have permeated the less-informed strata of society. Many of our leading historians have been deeply influenced by Croce's philosophy of history. Naturally, therefore, we welcome this volume from the pen of a profound and balanced thinker on a subject so controversial as the present theme. Certainly, a man who has scarcely been safe in his home for twenty years because he dares to speak his mind offers a sincere message that is reassuring to those who at times are confused by the torrents of propaganda and counter-propaganda. It was for this reason that Vincent Sheean, Lieutenant-Colonel in the United States Army Air Forces, decided to translate the four brief essays which Croce entrusted to him when our forces landed in Italy in the fall of 1943.

The book begins with Sheean's lengthy preface, giving the average American reader a good introduction to Benedetto Croce and his contributions to European scholarship. After a discussion of Croce's "Philosophy of the Spirit," Sheean explains how the present volume happened to come to light. Croce is not always easy reading, as anyone familiar with his writings already knows; these introductory words are, therefore, very welcome.

In this little volume Croce tries to show what happened in Germany during the last one hundred years. As the title of the first essay, "Confessions of an Italian Germanophile," written just before the American landings in Italy, clearly implies, Benedetto Croce grew up in a cultural tradition that much admired the German culture of the nineteenth century. This admiration for things German he still feels was justified as the old Germany made some outstanding contributions to world-culture and civilization. Even during World War I he refused to let propaganda change his point of view completely, although some of his contacts with German arrogance sorely tried his former faith as a Germanophile. When, after the war, he visited

Germany during the Streseman regime, he was surprised and bewildered by the new spirit which cared but little for an Italian liberal philosopher but was much impressed by Il Duce. Since then he has experienced a tragic twenty years under fascism which has shaped his conviction that the former Germany he loved and admired is no more.

The second essay, "The Germany We Loved," enlarges the thesis that the Germany he had so admired had been transformed into something horrible. When Germany made its greatest impression on the modern world the creative German scholars still had the dedication inscribed above the University of Heidelberg, "To the Living Spirit." Today this inscription reads, "To the German Spirit." He says, "German culture, once universal and cosmopolitan, sympathetic toward those of the other people, restricted itself to its own national circle and finished by no longer understanding even its own great men, whose nature demanded that they be displayed against the background of the world and not of one region." This change is again shown in the case of the *Review for the Philosophy of Culture,* now titled the *Review for the German Philosophy of Culture.*

In the section, "War as Ideal," Croce shows that wars are, or have been, natural to mankind, and will, perhaps, be a disease which will continue to plague us until man becomes inoculated with a new spirit. But with the Prussians war is not a disease but a situation to be desired and sought, a "war-superior health." Instead of seeking a cure for this natural tendency in man, the Germans have added to it a libido and sadism which deliberately engenders the disease. In the modern Germany the spirit of Christianity and classical culture has been displaced by the concepts of ruthlessness and barbarism.

Yet Croce is not entirely pessimistic as to the future of the human race. The last essay, "Duties and Duty," says in effect that although it may be hopeless to expect perpetual peace, "it would be a great enough thing if there could be established a peace temporary but durable, in which all the peoples might find, as near as may be, their best." Before this result can be achieved we should and can "clear away from the mind every residuum and tear out every smallest root or filament of 'war as ideal.'" Love of country must be but a branch on the trunk of love of humanity. We must convince the Germans that there are things which we dare not destroy, even in war, else we destroy ourselves and bring upon us the hatred and shame of all mankind. Croce closes his meditations with a quotation from August von Platen, *Polenlieder* (1831):

> Triumphs are equal to defeats when their fruits consist in the lamentation and boundless hatred of the world.

E. G. SCHWIEBERT

Music with a Slide Rule

MUSIC FOR THE MAN WHO ENJOYS "HAMLET." By B. H. Haggin. Alfred Knopf, New York. 1944. 128 pages. $2.75.

IN this amazing book Mr. Haggin tells how he hopes to arouse interest in music in the drama enthusiast

who is bored with Schubert's *B Flat Sonata* or similar solid musical fare. He accomplishes this remarkable feat first by making said patient learn to use the slide rule and at the same time making him an expert in the solution of equations as formidable as those found in quantum mechanics.

To begin with, this reviewer has yet to meet the man who enjoys literature and who at the same time dislikes music. But for the sake of argument let us assume that a professor of English at a mid-western college just goes "ga-ga" at the mere thought of *Hamlet* and yet is bored to tears by having to listen to Schnabel play Beethoven's *Sonata Opus 111*. Now comes this miracle-working book that will transform him from a reluctant concert or opera goer into a dyed-in-the-wool Beethoven disciple. In order to do this he will have to wade though pages upon pages of stuff like this:

A new theme (T-1: .6+, W-1: .6, B-1: .8, K-1: .4+): creates more powerful shocks and tensions with the violent syncopated accents of the portion marked (a), which work up to a forceful statement of (1). This breaks off for a theme (T-1: .12, W-1: .12-, B-1: .12, K-1: .12) which again is quiet, but with tensions in the plaintive fragments of the melody, and urgency in the agitated accompaniment, and with a final explosion that leads to another theme (T-1: .15-, W-1: 15-, B-1: .15, K-1: .13-).

It is this writer's opinion that if Professor So and So was only mildly bored with *Opus 111* before, he now will have grown to loathe it after having been subjected to such confusion.

To be sure, the book has its good points when Mr. Haggin isn't playing around with chalk marks in record grooves or with a ruler or algebraic symbols or with + or − for musical debit or credit. When he makes an analysis of several recordings of the same work, he shows his customary good sense and usual discrimination through which most of us learned to know him in his *Music on Records* or the *Book of the Symphony*. It is worth while to impress the following extract on the minds of many immature listeners:

The way for you to learn to appreciate good performance is to listen to it. Listen long enough to the performances of Toscanini, Casals, Schnabel, Szigeti, Beecham, Weingartner, and you will acquire an understanding of, and distaste for, the vehement plastic distortions of Koussevitzky, the sensationalism of Stokowski. You will learn, that is, not to be excited by mere technical brilliance to the point of mistaking it for good performance. A pianist or violinist must be able to play his instrument, a conductor to get his orchestra to play with precision and beauty of sound; but such technical competence, however impressive, only provides the means for him to do his real job as a musician. You will marvel at the gorgeous sounds that Stokowski produces with an orchestra; but you will know that if these sounds give a Bach Chorale-Prelude or Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" the feverish excitement of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," the performance is a bad performance.

In justice we should add that as a supplement to *Music on Records* Mr. Haggin has added a few choice criticisms, but it should have been left at that. I am afraid that many people will be taken in by the title and will

be disappointed when they do not become converted from Shakespeare to Wagner in 128 pages at fifteen cents a page.

M. ALFRED BICHSEL

Panegyric

THE WILSON ERA: Years of Peace —1910-1917. By Josephus Daniels. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1944. 615 pages. Illustrated. $4.00.

MANY of the currents and counter-currents of the present war have focused our attention on a man who played a prominent role in World War I. That man was Woodrow Wilson. In like manner, the four consecutive victories of the Democratic Party at the polls of our nation have caused us to ask again what manner of man was serving the United States as chief executive when the gates of Janus were thrown wide in the year 1914. Was Wilson overrated by his friends? Was he belittled unjustly by his enemies?

Josephus Daniels, who was Secretary of the Navy during Wilson's two administrations, is not an historian by profession. He was a newspaper editor in North Carolina before he moved to Washington to preside over the destinies of our fleet, and he has remained a newspaper editor at heart to this day. His book is clearly reportorial in character. It is chockful of valuable information. In the eyes of Mr. Daniels the man who lived in the White House when World War I broke out and when that terrible blood bath came to an end was a great hero. Daniels himself had much to do with Wilson's nomination and election. His account of the Baltimore convention is fascinating. He believed with all his heart that Wilson was far better presidential timber than Champ Clark and the other men who had their caps set for the nomination, and he was deeply grateful to William Jennings Bryan for turning the tide in Wilson's favor. Long before those eventful days he had shown profound admiration for Bryan; but his respect for the Great Commoner was increased at Baltimore. No student of Bryan's interesting and hectic career in politics can afford to ignore what Daniels has to say about the silver-tongued orator in *The Wilson Era.*

The book begins with the words, "I remember the first time I met Woodrow Wilson." That little sentence sounds the keynote, as it were, of the entire volume. Naturally, Daniels has much to say about his own troubles and successes as Secretary of the Navy, and he deals at some length with many important and influential personages; but Wilson always hovers above the absorbing narrative—either in person or in shadow. The author tells in detail how Wilson fought special privilege tooth and nail, how he got along with the members of his cabinet, how he instituted the good neighbor policy in our relations with Latin America, how he opposed dollar diplomacy, and how he gave unstinted and enthusiastic support to the building of a powerful navy—a navy which would be able to do its work successfully and with great efficiency in any emergency.

When war engulfed Europe in

1914, Wilson believed that strict neutrality in deeds, in words, and in thoughts would suffice to keep the United States aloof from the titanic struggle. For a long time he had been convinced that the nations of the world could eliminate wars if they strove honestly and intelligently to do so. He was determined that the United States should show the rest of mankind that this was not an unrealizable goal. Britain's interference with our commerce on the high seas irked him and induced to dispatch sharply worded notes of protest to John Bull; but the fact that Germany's actions caused the death of United States citizens was intolerable to him.

While Mr. Daniels was too closely identified with Mr. Wilson to give an impartial and objective appraisal of the character and achievements of the wartime president, *The Wilson Era* provides interesting and valuable background material for an understanding of current history.

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

WILDERNESS CLEARING

By Walter D. Edmonds. Illustrated by John de Martelly. Dodd, Mead and Co., New York. 1944. 156 pages. $2.50.

THE author of *Drums Along the Mohawk, Young Ames, Chad Hanna,* and other stories, in this volume gives us his first full-length junior novel. It is the story of Dick Mount and Maggie Gordon, who with their respective families lived in isolated clearings "imprisoned by the green silence of the wilderness of the Mohawk Valley." In his usual way, Mr. Edmonds draws upon authentic history for his background and main events, as well as for many of his characters. While the incident around which this frontier romance revolves was only a small episode in the beginning of the Revolution in Northern New York, it served to warn the border settlers that the Indians had been turned loose against them. The story is grippingly told, and the beautiful illustrations by John de Martelly, a young lithographic artist, are noteworthy.

THE AMERICAN STORY

By Archibald MacLeish. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York. 1944. 231 pages. $2.00.

HERE are ten radio scripts written by Archibald MacLeish for the National Broadcasting Company's University of the Air and broadcast in February, March, and April, 1944. The author states that "their theme is the American experience—the experiences common to the Americans of the early settlements and voyages, of whatever race." Every script is beautifully written, and the treatment of the fascinating material reveals rare skill.

HOW DEAR TO MY HEART

By Emily Kimbrough. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. 1944. 267 pages. Drawings by Helen E. Hokinson. $2.50.

IT seems safe to say that every adult possesses and cherishes a store of exciting childhood memories. Emily Kimbrough's new volume of gay recollections is well designed to awaken

in each of us a veritable flood of reminiscences. *How Dear to My Heart* presents a tender, wistful, and reflective picture of life in a small American town in the first decade of this century. It is not, the author tells us, an autobiography; nor is it a chronicle of a period. Miss Kimbrough says, in explanation:

> I shall try only to write something about a happy childhood in America. A childhood that was happy in great part, I think, because it was spent in a little town, where I was not a stranger to anyone. And so I am setting down these things, partly out of a debt of affection to the town, and partly because I would like to say over, for those of us who remember them, some of the things which we shall never see or hear again—some of the things which the smell of burning leaves in the Fall brings back to my mind every year.

VOICES OF THE PASSION

By O. P. Kretzmann and A. C. Oldsen. Ernst Kaufmann Co., New York. 1945. 127 pages. $1.50.

THE editor of THE CRESSET has collaborated with the pastor of Immanuel Church, Valparaiso, Indiana, in preparing this volume of unusual sermons for the Lenten season. The authors use the effective device of letting each of the characters of the Passion tell his own story. This is a book of exceptional merit—one that will be welcomed in many a pastor's study, and in many a Christian home. *Voices of the Passion* is the Pulpit Book Club selection for February.

Recent Magazines

Each month THE CRESSET *presents a check list of important articles in leading magazines which will be of interest to our readers*

SPOTLIGHT ON ROME

For eight successive issues, during December and January, the *Christian Century,* leading journal of the Protestant world, carried a highly significant series of articles on the general subject: "Can Catholicism Win America?" Author of these articles is Harold E. Fey, field editor of the magazine, who devoted more than two years of painstaking research to his subject. The accuracy of his statements is attested by the fact that all of his factual data, statistics, etc., were submitted to Roman Catholic authorities for verification. Mr. Fey explores and analyzes the various facets of the Catholic program for the conversion of America. Among his special topics are the relationship of the Church of Rome to labor, the Negro, rural areas, communism, the press, education, and others. He finds the seat of Roman Catholic power in America to be in the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and he points out the unmistakable significance of the fact that this powerful agency has its headquarters, not in New York, Chicago, or any other metropolitan center—but in Washington, D. C. Roman Catholicism has its finger on the national pulse, and is preparing thoroughly for the future. To the question, "Can Catholicism Win America?" Mr. Fey answers—Yes.

We are glad that this very interesting and illuminating series of articles has been made available in permanent form in a 24-page pamphlet, which can be ordered for 25 cents. Mr. Fey's findings bear careful study—and intelligent action.

THREAT TO OUR EDUCATION

According to President R. M. Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, the "G.I. Bill of Rights" carries with it a number of seri-

ous dangers. In *Collier's* last 1944 issue, Hutchins points out that the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944, in giving away an education to our veterans, "threatens to demoralize education and defraud the veterans." Educational institutions will have a chance to get more money than they ever dreamed of. In the name of patriotism they will not exercise the proper checks, refusing admission to unqualified men and expelling those who fail. Or even if they should try to do these things, public opinion would not let them. Schools will be turned into "educational hobo jungles," and the veterans will become "educational hobos."

Mr. Hutchins suggests that the G. I. Bill of Rights be amended to require in its educational clauses "the same safeguards with which Congress has surrounded the provisions in the bill for loans for farms, businesses, and homes" for the veterans, so that the educational offering does not become a substitute for the dole. The applicants should submit to examinations to determine their fitness. The government should pay only half the tuition and fees; the schools should pay the other half. Thus the schools would be in position to be selective in their choice of students, taking only those who show actual promise of benefiting by their training.

VINEGAR JOE'S PROBLEM

John Fisher, in the December *Harper's Magazine,* presents a highly illuminating picture of the reasons behind General Stilwell's recall from China, showing that "Vinegar Joe" had done a stupendous job under the most trying conditions and that there was no stigma attached to his removal from that war theatre. Stilwell's task had been complicated by one of the most tangled command setups of this or any war, due not to any inability of the Allies to work out an effective scheme of command for their combined armies, but because "in the China-Burma-India theatre . . . . the interests of the major powers collide in one way or another at almost every point."

There is a Chinese-American conflict regarding the division of the supplies flown over the Hump from India to China, about which Stilwell insisted that Chenault's Fourteenth Air Force and the Chinese "Y-force" under American command should get the bulk. Another cause of friction was the American insistence upon administration reforms in the Chinese army and for the suppression of widespread corruption and mismanagement. A further cause of friction was the enormous profit made by the Chinese out of the construction of airports and other facilities for our troops, which

were not furnished under reverse Lend-Lease, but paid for in hard cash at a rate at least ten times higher than the true rate of the inflated Chinese currency.

According to Mr. Fisher, two recent developments make the consequences of inter-Allied conflicts less serious than they might have been in the past: the rapid advance of MacArthur and Nimitz in the Pacific and the fact that China itself has become less important in the over-all pattern of the war. "From a strictly military standpoint, if China were to drop out of the war at this stage, there probably would be no great repercussions anywhere but in China itself," says the author.

A CITIZEN ARMY

The *Saturday Evening Post* recently brought the War Department's position on the question of a postwar citizen-army (War Department Circular No. 347, August 25, 1944). The plan is a modern adaptation of that which Washington submitted to the first Congress in January, 1790, based upon the fundamental democratic principle that every citizen in a free state should be trained to defend his country. John McAuley Palmer, author of the *Saturday Evening Post* article, states that this document of George Washington's was not published until he himself did so in 1930. Washington was extremely conscious of the world-significance of the new American republic, and hoped to make and keep it strong enough to maintain its just rights in the world. According to his plan all young Americans should be trained during the summer months of their 19th, 20th, and 21st years. In a system of military schools, in addition, there should be trained enough officers and soldiers to do those things that cannot be done by citizen soldiers. A total of five military academies was recommended. The fact that Washington's recommendations were disregarded means for our own day, as Palmer puts it, "A high barometer of overmilitarization in the regions of lawless aggression; a low barometer of undermilitarization in the regions of law-abiding democracy."

Verse

The Prophet Habakkuk

How long, O Lord, how long shall I cry,
And Thou wilt not hear me?
I cry unto Thee of violence and terror,
And Thou wilt not save us.

Why must I gaze upon misery,
And continue to look upon trouble?
Destruction and violence are before me;
Everywhere is war and destruction.

The law is torn to pieces,
And Justice goes forth no more.
The wicked prevail against the just,
And destruction stalks forth unchecked.

Look out upon the nations and see,
And be utterly amazed;
For today are deeds being done
That ye would not believe were it told you.

For behold the aggressors are rising to destroy;
Those savage and fiery nations
Are marching over the whole earth
To seize that which is not their own.

Terrible and dreadful are they,
They arrogate judgment unto themselves.

They come upon us swifter than an arrow,
And more blood-thirsty than the wolves of the desert.
They swoop down from afar like vultures
Pouncing upon their prey.

Terror marches before them,
And violence follows in their wake.

Their captives continue to increase
Like the sands along the sea.

They deride the rulers
And laugh them to scorn.
Defences are to them as piles of dust
That they sweep away as castles in the sand.

They charge like the wind and pass on,
Making brute force their god!

Art Thou not eternal, O Lord?
Art Thou not our God as of old?
Thou diest not!
Then why this pestilence upon us?

Wilt Thou desert mankind
As if they were but fishes of the sea,
Or mere crawling things,
And leave us without a God?

The aggressors are sweeping us into their nets,
And drag us in, rejoicing.
They honor the net, and worship it;
For through it they have gained much wealth.

Are they to continue, O Lord,
To draw the sword against us?
O Lord, are they to continue
Murdering the innocent without mercy?

* * *

And I took my stand on the watchtower,
And stationed myself on a high place,
That I might watch what the Lord would say to me;
What answer He would make to my plea.

And the Lord answered me, and said:
"Write the vision clearly on tablets of stone,
That he who runs may read,
For as yet the vision is afar off.

But it shall appear at the end,
And it shall not lie.
If it tarry, wait for it;
For it shall surely come in due time,

For behold, the soul of the wicked is puffed up,
And is not upright within him;
But the soul of the righteous
Shall live by his faith alone.

As wine deceiveth him that drinks it,
So are the wicked deceived;
They shall not be honored in the end,
Who have enlarged their desire even as hell,

For they have become like death,
And are never satisfied.
They seek to gather all the nations unto them,
And to subdue all the peoples of the earth.

Shall not the subdued rise up and taunt them?
And shall they not say unto them:
"Woe unto them that heapeth together
That which is not their own!

Woe unto them that load themselves with obligations
That some day must be paid!"
Shall not the vanquished rise up suddenly
And shall they not smite the wicked unto death!

Because thou hast destroyed many nations
Shall not they that remain destroy thee?
Because of the blood thou hast spilled,
Shall not thy blood also be shed?

Woe unto him that gathers together
Unjust gain for himself!
Woe unto him that feathers his own nest,
And thinks to deliver himself from disaster!

Woe unto him that hath builded a city in bloodshed!
Woe unto him that hath founded a city on crime!
The very stones shall cry out from the walls against him,
And the beams from the woodwork shall answer their call.

The Lord God hath established these things to be so.
Then why should a nation toil for that
Which shall be consumed in fire,
And for that which shall profit it nothing!

For the earth shall be filled with the glory of God,
As the waters that cover the sea!

Woe unto him that giveth drink to his friend;
That urgeth the cup upon him till he is drunk,
And who thus seeth his friend disgraced!

Drink ye, aggressors, from the wine of divine anger!
Drink of your own shame till ye fall in stupor,
Until disgrace shall cover you from the eyes of God!

Your ravishing of innocent peoples shall crush you!
Your slaughtering of the defenseless shall slay you!
All the blood ye have shed in your devastations,
All the blood shed in land and city,
All, and more, shall be required of you!

The Lord is in His holy temple;
Let all the earth keep silence before Him!

O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, and am afraid!
In the midst of the passing years declare Thyself!
In the midst of the years that are passing, make Thy might felt!
Make Thy might felt in all the earth!

* * *

The Lord went forth from His holy place,
From the mountain top He came down,
And His glory covered the earth,
And all the world was full of His praise.

His radiance flashed forth like the lightning;
Brilliant flashes of lightning encompassed Him;
And of the lightning He made a veil for His majesty.
Pestilence went before Him, and the plagues ran in fear.

He stood still, and the earth shook!
He looked upon the nations, and they quaked in fear!
The eternal mountains were shattered,
And the everlasting hills were laid low.

In my vision I saw the Lord draw His bow;
His quiver was full of the arrows of wrath;
The land was torn asunder by His might;
The mountains saw Him and were afraid.

Floods poured down from the skies,
And the great deep uttered its voice,
The waves lifting up their hands on high.

The sun forgot his appointments,
And the moon stood still in the sky.
The arrows of God's wrath lit up the heavens,
And His glittering spear struck terror to the wicked.

Thou, O Lord, didst march through the land in Thy fury;
Thou didst trample the heathen in Thy anger,
As Thou didst go forth to rescue Thy people;
As Thou didst go forth to save Thy chosen ones.

Thou didst smite the head of the house of wickedness;
Thou didst destroy his house to its very foundations.
Thy arrows of wrath did pierce the heads of his warriors,
Who came like a whirlwind to destroy Thy people.

Over the sea Thou didst come in all Thy power.
I heard the sound thereof, and my body trembled,
My lips quivered at the sound of Thy voice;
Decay entered into my bones,
And my steps tottered beneath me.

Yet calmly I waited the doom
Of them that would destroy us.

For even though the fig tree shall not blossom,
And the vine shall have no spring;
Though the labor of the olive tree shall fail,
And the fields yield no food;

Though flocks be gone from the field,
And there be no herd in the stalls,
Still I shall rejoice in the Lord,
I will rejoice in the Lord of my salvation.

He maketh my feet like the feet of a deer,
And I shall walk in safety on the heights.

—Ellsworth Lowry

Save Us from Prayerlessness

Let there be born in us the deep desire
To offer what this troubled time demands:
Petitions that are lit with inner fire.

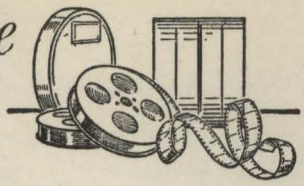
When prayers arise our God will free the lands
From evil days, from wallowing in mire . . .
How haltingly we follow His commands!

When prayers are lifted high and ever higher
Release will come to sin-enshackled hands . . .
Ascend the steps of light, a prayer-voiced choir!

Our prayers must seek the *One Who Understands,*
For in their strength all travail, fierce and dire,
Will be assuaged on earth's war-burdened strands.

Help us, O Lord, to use this awesome power;
Save us from prayerlessness this bitter hour.

—Gertrude Hanson

The  *Motion Picture*

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

THE year 1944 has passed into history. It was an eventful year and an exciting one. For the motion-picture industry it was a banner year—a period in which box-office receipts all over the country reached an all-time high. How shall we rate the artistic achievements of the cinema during the year just past?

Unquestionably the most notable releases of 1944 were the fine factual films which caught with graphic and unforgettable fidelity the fury, the horror, and the havoc of modern warfare. The very best Hollywood has to offer in the way of make-believe cannot match the tragedy—or the glory—of the grim contest which is being waged with appalling ferocity in the combat areas dotting the face of the earth like a red and ugly rash. In its recent annual meeting the New York Film Critics Association voted a "special recognition" award for the important documentary films which were made in 1944.

In the field of the fictional film Paramount's *Going My Way* was named the best picture of the year by the New York Film Critics Association, the Herald Motion Picture Poll, and the Exhibitors' Poll. The distinction of being named the best film actor and the best film actress, went, respectively, to Barry Fitzgerald, for his memorable performance in *Going My Way,* and to Tallulah Bankhead, for her work in Alfred Hitchcock's highly controversial film, *Lifeboat.* Bing Crosby and Alexander Knox *(Wilson)* tied for second-place acting honors, and Leo McCarey was the critics' choice as the best director of the year. Crosby heads the Exhibitors' list of money-making stars. Here are the other pictures designated by the *New York Times* as the year's best: *Destination Tokyo* (Warner Bros.), *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* (Paramount), *The Purple Heart* (20th Century-Fox), *Wilson* (20th Century-Fox), *Hail the Conquering Hero* (Paramount),

Thirty Seconds over Tokyo (M-G-M), *None But the Lonely Heart* (RKO-Radio), *Meet Me in St. Louis* (M-G-M), and *National Velvet* (M-G-M). I wonder how many readers of THE CRESSET would have chosen those pictures. Four of the films included in the list were released so late in the year that they are being shown in only a few theatres at the present time.

It is unlikely that Bing Crosby's first release in 1945 will crowd *Going My Way* from our memories. *Here Come the Waves* (Paramount) is a lively and tuneful musical offering dedicated to the valiant women of the United States Navy. A single dose of Betty Hutton makes for noise and gayety. In *Here Come the Waves* Miss Hutton plays a dual role with surprising effectiveness. Bing Crosby's take-off on the Idol of the Bobby-sox Brigade provides hilarious entertainment.

And Now Tomorrow (Paramount, Irving Pichel) presents a dull and slightly ridiculous screen adaptation of the late Rachel Field's last novel. This is Alan Ladd's first appearance on the screen since his release from the Army. His performance is only moderately good. Loretta Young's enactment of the role of the deaf heroine is highly unsatisfactory.

There are two new thrillers on the market. *Experiment Perilous* (RKO-Radio) should have been—but is not—first-class melodrama. The book from which it was made is a well-written and suspense-filled mystery drama. The picture, however, falls as flat as the proverbial pancake in spite of a good cast and excellent settings and costuming. A little less display of the charms of the lovely Hedy and a lot more substance for the fine acting ability of Paul Lukas would have made this a better picture.

Dark Waters (United Artists) possesses all the ingredients necessary to a real chiller-diller. The setting is dark and threatening, sinister characters flit about in ominous profusion, mysterious lights and unexplained noises should bring out the goose pimples, and the heroine (Merle Oberon) is ringed about by villains and conspirators. Yet the picture does not capture or project the atmosphere of stupefying suspense and stark terror necessary to a really fine mystery film.

Daphne du Maurier's novel, *Frenchman's Creek,* is not her best literary effort. It is, however, much better than the screen version made by Paramount under the direction of Mitchell Leisen. Joan Fontaine strives valiantly but unsuccessfully to inject life and color into a very silly role. The settings for this period piece are excellent, and the technicolor effects are glowingly beautiful. Miss Fontaine's costumes, however, are, for

the most part, as hideous as any I've ever seen on the screen.

The war has brought a new problem to the American home. A few years ago parents everywhere bade Jack and Jill a fond farewell and proudly looked on while Jack and Jill established a home of their own. Now Jack has gone to war, and Jill has come home again. So have all the little Jacks and all the little Jills. Grandma and Grandpa have had to begin the routine of babies, bottles, and diapers all over. Grandpa's favorite chair is crowded into a dark corner so that little Jack's play-pen can get the sun, and Grandma is once again knee-deep in formulas, fixations (and how to avoid them), and furniture polish to remedy the scratches Jill makes when she refuses her cod liver oil. This is the theme of *3 is a Family* (United Artists, Edward Ludwig). Mildly entertaining if you aren't fussy.

Titles are often misleading. *Something for the Boys* (20th Century-Fox), for example, really hasn't much of anything for anybody. The technicolor effects are pleasing, the dance sequences are good, and the popular Cole Porter songs are effective. But it has all been done before—and much better, too. Isn't it time to stop grinding out cheap films which purport to be something or other for our armed forces?

Rainbow Island (Paramount) is just another Dorothy S. (for Sarong) Lamour musical extravaganza. A mythical kingdom, celluloid people, and a few song and dances —some good, some bad—that's all. So the wise movie patron will catch up on his reading and wait for something better to come along.

He—or she—will do well to wait for something better than *Marriage Is a Private Affair* (M-G-M). This film seems to me to establish a new low in Lana Turner's screen vehicles. I hasten to add that I have never had a high opinion of any of Miss Turner's pictures. *Marriage Is a Private Affair* is as artificial, as brightly lacquered, and as empty as Miss Turner's pretty face.

Mrs. Parkington (M-G-M) reunites Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, the screen's most famous lovers, in a picture which seems made to order for their special talents. This is the story of a man who was inspired to acquire wealth and power by his clever and ambitious wife. Adapted from Louis Bromfield's popular novel, it is an acceptable and entertaining period piece. The film, like the book, points up the indisputable fact that a sensational rise from rags to riches isn't always achieved without pain and without the sacrifice of moral principles.

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS
CONTRIBUTORS
FINAL NOTES

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY personified, to an outstanding degree, the spirit of America. We are sure that our readers will welcome Mr. Gallmeyer's engaging article on this great literary figure. The author is a prominent industrialist and former postmaster of Fort Wayne, Indiana. A loyal Hoosier, he has made the lore of his native state his special avocation. Mr. Gallmeyer is also national president of the Lutheran Laymen's League and for years has taken a leading role in church affairs.

A unique feature in this issue of THE CRESSET is a poetic version of the *Book of Habakkuk* from the pen of Ellsworth Lowry, of Butler, Pa. Some interesting parallels between the world situation in Habakkuk's day and our own are apparent.

Guest reviewers in the February issue of THE CRESSET are the following: Mildred Powell *(Wife to Mr. Milton)*, Walter G. Friedrich *(Everybody's Political What's What)*, E. G. Schwiebert *(Germany and Europe)*, Patterson McLean Friedrich *(Anything Can Happen)*, and M. Alfred Bichsel *(Music for the Man Who Enjoys Hamlet)*. All of these guest reviewers belong to the staff of Valparaiso University.

THE CRESSET'S subscription list is still going upward. The magazine is proving especially popular in public libraries and reading rooms. If your local library does not as yet carry THE CRESSET, drop a line to our editorial office; better still, show a copy to the librarian. Our special library rate is $1.50.

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